

NEWSAGENTS In consequence of the Easter Holidays, next week's issue will be published on Saturday instead of Monday.

£1,100 IN PRIZES OFFERED INSIDE

PEARSON'S

£1,000

Free Insurance.



WEEKLY.

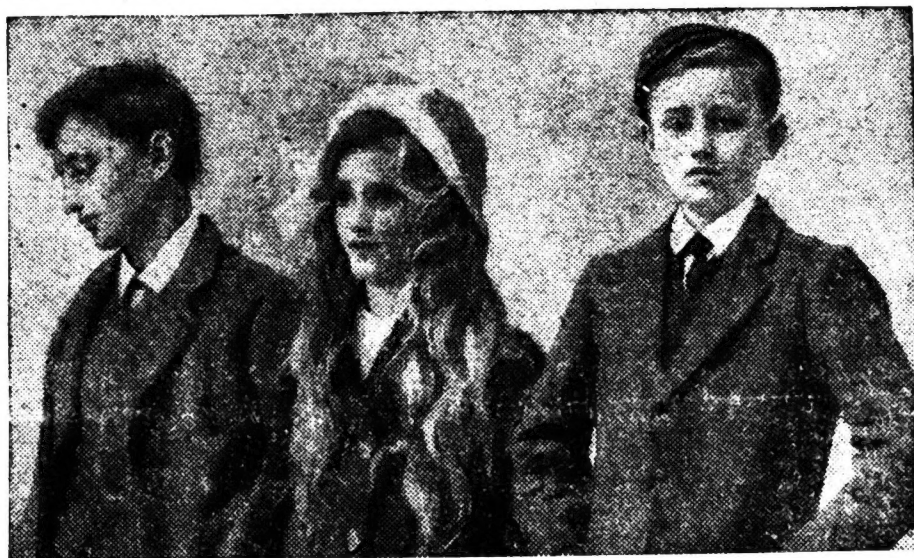
No. 1183.]

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 15, 1913.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

£330 in PRIZES for BOYS & GIRLS



Offered by the Proprietors of VI-COCOA to Boys and Girls of their Customers to enable them to get a good start in life.

Three Years Scholarships and Apprentice Allowances.

We want to interest the coming generation in the merits of Vi-Cocoa. We want them to understand why Vi-Cocoa tastes so much better than other cocoas, why it does so much more good. We want them, as they grow up, and have homes of their own, to continue the use of Vi-Cocoa as their parents have done before them. Moreover, we want to show our appreciation of what you have done to build up this Vi-Cocoa business.

Splendid Opportunity for Every Boy & Girl.

Lots of our customers would like to give their children a better chance in life. They would like to keep a promising boy or girl at school longer, or send them to a higher-grade school, but they cannot afford it. They would like to apprentice one or the other, but apprentices' wages do not help the family exchequer much. Now, we are going to give:-

One boy, £20 per ann. for 3 years, £60	One girl, £10 per ann. for 3 years, £30
One girl, £20 " " for 3 " £60	Five boys, £5 " " for 3 " £75
One boy, £10 " " for 3 " £30	Five girls, £5 " " for 3 " £75
A total of £330	

Vi-Cocoa is put up in three sizes only—the 6d. packet and the 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. The prizes will be awarded to the boys and girls who collect the highest value in labels from the packets and tins. The boys who collect most among the boys, and the girls who collect most among the girls, will gain the prizes. The part required is the whole of the front which has the price on in the red seal. In the case of the packets the front can be cut out; in the tins the labels are loose and can be easily cut off. Boys and girls can collect labels from their relatives, friends, and neighbours. If they know anybody who uses Vi-Cocoa and hasn't got a boy or girl going in for the Competition, they can ask them to let them have their labels every week. They can write away to aunts and grandmothers for them. Keep all that are collected until the last week in September. Then send them in, all together, in one parcel, any time between the 23rd and the 29th of September. Don't send before the 23rd or after the 29th. Be sure you get the right amount of postage on the parcel by asking at the post office. Write on a piece of paper inside the parcel your name and address in full, and put the amount like this:-

John Thomas Williams,
7 Brown Street, Bordenstown.

	£	s.	d.
30 6d. labels ...	0	15	0
20 9d. labels ...	0	15	0
20 1s. 6d. labels ...	1	10	0
Total	£3	0	0

The prizes will be awarded for the highest amounts.

Now start collecting at once. Don't miss any chance, and it may give you a good start in life. The first year's instalments will be sent as soon as the contest is decided.

DRINK VI-COCOA FOR STAMINA & STRENGTH

CUT AWAY HERE VI-COCOA BOYS' AND GIRLS' PRIZE COUPON

Keep this until you are ready, and then cut out and fill in this form.

Coupons enclosed { at 6d. ... £
" 9d. ... £
" 1s. 6d. ... £
Total £

Name
Address

N.B.—If you enclose an envelope addressed to yourself, with a 3d. stamp on it, we will send you a printed list of successful candidates as soon as it is decided.

Address your wrapper—

VI-COCOA, CHILDREN'S COMPETITION,
12 Henry Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels

Wood-Milne rubber heels resemble other kinds until you wear them!

THEN the Wood-Milne Quality comes home to you; then the Wood-Milne Comfort; then the "Springiness" and Wearing Power.

And then you understand why Wood-Milne heels & tips sell more widely than any other in the world.

At Prices to Suit All—and All Reliable. When you ask your bootmaker to fix rubber heels or tips for you—remember to specify "Wood-Milnes." Substitutes are NOT as good.



MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received Friday morning for the following week's issue.

WEAK MEN. send for my two Books, FREE—Mr. George, 215 High Street, Gateshead-on-Tyne.

"HOW TO PRESERVE STRENGTH AND RETAIN THE POWERS."—If you have wrecked your Nerves by OVERWORK or WORRY, drained away your Strength by bad habits or dissipation, or RAPIDLY your vital forces by EXCESSES, send 4d. for my book on "Nervous Breakdown." To the inexperienced, the married, or those contemplating marriage, no other work contains so much helpful or sensible advice, or will prove so interesting and instructive to those who desire to restore the falling Vital Energies and Powers. Sent in a plain sealed envelope to any address on receipt of Four Penny Stamp. Address—Charles Gordon, No. 8, Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks. (Copyright).

MARGATE.—The Clarence Boarding Establishment, Eastern Esplanade, Cliftonville. Unique position, facing Oval. Excellent cuisine, select company, moderate terms.—Apply Managers.

EVERYTHING SENT PRIVATELY on approval, then if satisfied you pay monthly. Rings, Bracelets, Watches, Gramophones, Cycles, Clothing. Lists free. State requirements.—Dept. 22, L. & P. Stores, Colebrook House, Finsbury Park, London, N.

BABY CARS FROM FACTORY. on approval, carriage paid. No shop profits. Cash or easy payments. Write for lovely Catalogue, post free, and save money. —Gudiva Carriage Co., Dept. 46, Coventry.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weaknesses, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—P. J. Murray, 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.

CASES IN COMPETITIONS.—"Middles" and all other Competitions, 6d. each; three 1/-; three weekly, one month, 3/- Stamped envelopes.—Edlin (late judge "Empire" and "Ideas," and frequent prize-winner), 64 Runcorn Street, C. on-M., Manchester.

LADIES' COMBINGS purchased, 4d. to 2/6 per oz., per return.—Tanner & Co., Hair Merchants, 137 St. John's Hill, London, S.W.

BABY CARS direct from factory on approval; carriage paid; we save you 5/- in the £, cash or easy payments from 4/- monthly. Wonderful value. Send to-day for splendid new catalogue, post free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 63), Coventry.

BOOTS.—Save nearly 50% buying from direct. AGENTS WANTED. Write for list, post British Boot Co. (578), Portland Square, Bristol.

VARICOCELE.—Every man suffering from Varicocele and its accompanying debility and weakness should send for illustrated circular, its successful treatment and cure by the only and painless method. No electricity, sent post free, two stamps.—E. B. Norton, 29 & 31 Lane, London, W.C.

TATTOOING.—No previous knowledge. Complete outfit: needles, colours, designs, instructions; price 3/6. Machines, etc., supplied free.—Knox & Co., 21 Dept. 22 Finsbury Road, N.

RUSSIAN CURED.—Doctor's famous 1/- order. Testimonials.—H. Stevens (Box 22), Piccadilly, Manchester.

PUR FOR SIXPENCE.—Ventriloquist's Throat; fits roof of mouth, always invisible, and mystifies, sing like a canary, whistle like and imitate birds and beasts. 6d. each, 6/6. Sydney Benson (Dept. T), 220 Pentonville Rd., London, N.

CYCLE COVERS. guaranteed, 3/6. The Cycles, Accessories, Sale lists.—Gorton, Manchester, Wolverhampton.

ART.—Can you sketch? If so, you can earn by it. Stamp for booklet.—T. Howard, 14 Lane, Hull.

MONEY-MAKING.—To make money, send post-card immediately for free particulars. Novel Scheme. Remarkably successful method, guaranteed profits.—Send now to Green & Co., 125, High Holborn, London, W.C.

YOU CAN EARN 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply K., 89 Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.

LESSONS BY POST.—Coal and Iron Miners, Officials, Surveyors, Electricians. The coaching system for Exam's. Syllabus free. Mining School, Perth.

STAMMERING CURED at Home by myself. I can cure you. Fees moderate. E. 300 Albert Road, Aston, Birmingham.

A REGULAR INCOME FOR ALL.—Particulars of scheme offering immense possibilities to persons of most moderate means, sent absolutely no gambling or other undesirable. Send stamped address to Secretary, 125, High Holborn, London.

STUDY THE ADVERTISEMENTS and when writing to Advertisers mention "Pearson's Weekly."

FITNESS

In men of all ages. Why not write for my free Book, and get fit by the standard, scientific method of curing NERVOUS EXHAUSTION, LACK OF VIGOUR, WEARINESS, DEBILITY, VARICOCELE, etc. Easy, safe, simple. No stomach medicines, magnetism, or electricity. No flogging physical exercises or strict diet rules, no changed habits, loss of time or occupation, but an assured restoration for all men. See what cured patients say. I send the book and 1,000 testimonials free in plain envelope for 2 stamps postage. Mention this paper. A. J. LEITCH, 22 and 24 Great Russell St. London, W.C. Established 25 years.

Make your own Cigarette. It is twice as good as good

AG CIGARETTE PAPER
BEST and PURE

THE-TIN-YOU

CON-TIN-UE.

Fry's

"Of Unsurpassed Flavour."

4½d. per

¼lb. tin.

(The Yellow and Red Label.)

"THE HIGHEST COCOA VALUE OBTAINABLE."

NO COUPONS—FULL VALUE IN THE COCOA.

PURE
BREAKFAST
Cocoa

"MIDDLES"—1st Prize, £300; 2nd Prize, £50; 3rd Prize, £25; 1,700 Other Prizes. (See page 934)

£500
FOR
Football
Results.

See
page 945.

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

WEEKLY.

130
Guests
Wanted

See
page 956.

No. 1183.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING MARCH 15, 1913.

ONE PENNY.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

Guest: "Delightful party you are having to-night, old fellow."

Host: "Yes, I am giving it to my wife. It is the seventh anniversary of her twenty-eighth birthday."

Teacher: "Well, boys, I hope you will have a happy holiday, and come back to school with more brains."

Boys (with great heartiness): "Thank you, sir, come to you."

ALL VERY WELL.

The country stationmaster did not wear a uniform, and one day when a train came in he stood at the platform door to take the passengers' tickets. A pretty young lady came up to him, and when he held out his hand for her ticket she seized it, gave it a tight squeeze, and followed that up by giving him a hearty kiss.

The stationmaster was somewhat taken aback, but he managed to say:—

"That's all very well, miss, but I want your ticket."

"Oh!" replied the lady, with a blush, "aren't you Uncle John?"

A HUNGRY-LOOKING tramp entered a shop the other evening and bought a pennyworth of bread. He noticed a tub labelled "treacle."

"I'm in luck," he thought, as he dropped the piece of bread into the tub.

"I'm sorry, guv'ner," he said to the shop-keeper, who was standing near, "I've dropped my bread in your treacle."

"Treacle," exclaimed the shop-keeper, "that ain't treacle—that's tar!"

"How do you like that place you bought in suburbia?"

"I haven't seen it yet."

"Why, I thought you had been out there several times?"

"So I have, but the estate is still under water."

A LITTLE CORRECTION.

Newly-made Magistrate: "Officer, what is this man charged with?"

"Bigotry, your worship. He's got three wives," replied the officer.

The new justice rested his elbows on the desk and placed his finger-tips together.

"Officer," he said, somewhat sternly, "what's the use of all this education, all these evening schools, all these technical classes, and what not? Please remember, in any similar case that may occur in future, that a man who has married three wives has not committed bigotry, but trigonometry!"

QUITE SIMPLE.

"I NOTICE that you have a new kitchen maid," said Mrs. Sherlock Holmes.

"I have," replied Mrs. Watson. "But I think it's perfectly wonderful how you can make such accurate deductions."

"Quite simple, my dear. I've been comparing the thumbprints on the plates."

IN 2013.

First Clubwoman (a hundred years hence): "Men are enough to drive a woman crazy!"

Second Clubwoman: "Indeed they are!"

First Clubwoman: "Only think! For five nights I remained at the club terribly late, and yet when I went home I didn't find my husband waiting at the top of the stairs to upbraid me for neglect. The heartless brute was in bed sleeping like a top, and actually smiled in his dream."

ON THE CONTRARY.

"I'm not like those people who can sing but won't," gurgled young Bouncer, ambling towards the piano.

"On the contrary," clearly and distinctly murmured someone from a dim, far corner of the room.

HIS CARD.

A CYCLIST was riding at a rapid rate when he was stopped by a policeman who asked for his name and address. The cyclist presented his card and rode on. The vigilant policeman chuckled at the thought of the catch he had made. His dismay may be imagined when on looking at the card he read:

"Mr. U. R. Requested,
2, Mind Your Own
Business."



NO SALE.

None-too-handsome Shopkeeper: "Madam, you can judge of the superb effect of this blouse when worn thus!"

TEMPTED AND FELL.

TOMMY had been forbidden to swim in the lake owing to the danger. One day he came home with unmistakable signs of having been in the water.

His mother scolded him severely.

"But I was tempted so badly, mother," said Tommy.

"That is all very well; but how did you come to have your bathing-suit with you?"

"Well, mother, I took my bathing-suit with me, thinking I might be tempted."

KEPT NICE.

DURING the progress of the morning bath of a few months old infant, a neighbour's little girl came into the room carrying a doll and stood watching the operation for some time. The little girl's doll was much the worse for hard usage, being minus an arm and a leg. Finally she said to the mother of the child:

"How long have you had your baby?"

The child was informed, and, looking from her doll to the baby, she said:

"My, but you have kept it nice!"

UP-TO-DATE SURGERY.

"M'KIE was badly hurt in that tram smash, wasn't he, doctor?"

"Very. We had to amputate both legs."

"How sad! Will he pull through?"

"Oh, yes; we'll have him on his feet again in less than two months."

"I ONCE proposed to a girl in a conservatory."

"With what result?"

"A lot of expensive plants were nipped by frost."

QUITE WILLING.

BANKER (to his daughter's suitor): "Please tell me frankly. Are you marrying my Selma for her money?"

Suitor: "Oh, no; not at all! In fact, that's one reason why I've been so long about it. Her money seems a hindrance to me."

Banker: "Yet you're quite willing to take the hindrance, I suppose?"

"We're starting a circulating library for the use of the inmates," said the prison missionary. "Is there any particular book you'd like to make use of?"

"Why, yes," replied the convict. "If I could only use it right I'd like to have a railway guide."

WHY IT FAILED.

"WHY did the elopement fall through?"

"We had a signal arranged. She told me to come to her window and make a noise like a robin. I did so."

"Yes?"

"Then her father popped out and made a noise like a shotgun."

A CLERGYMAN recently received the following notice regarding a marriage that was to take place at the parish church: "This is to give you notice that I and Miss Jennie Arabella Breatly is comin' to your church on Saturday afternoon next to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour."

ASKED AND ANSWERED.

AT the finish of a football match two or three boys, in their hurry to get off the ground, scrambled over the palings that surrounded the inclosure.

A policeman standing by shouted to a youngster who was dropping to the ground:

"You young scamp! Why don't you come out of the ground the same way as you came in?"

"So I have, fathead!" yelled the boy as he disappeared into the crowd.

AND NO TEACHER.

THE two legislators were talking about schools and found they could not agree on certain matters pertaining to education. The argument waxed warmer and warmer.

"Why, my dear fellow," one finally exclaimed, starting to drive home a point, "I have a school in my mind's eye."

"Yes, yes," interrupted the other, "but remember, that has but one pupil."

SHE'S ONE.

"I'D like to get a little runabout if I could afford one."

"I know how you could get one for the asking."

"How?"

"Ask our next-door neighbour's daughter to marry you."

R

Watching 'Panks' and 'Peths.'

All About the Special Branch at Scotland Yard Which Keeps an Eye on Suffragettes, Politicians, and Royalty.

"MRS. PANKHURST was arrested this afternoon in connection with the bomb outrage at Walton Heath by Superintendent Quinn and Chief Inspector McBrien, of the Special Branch, New Scotland Yard."

That was the brief announcement which appeared in the afternoon papers when the well-known Suffragette leader was arrested. Few people, however, knew the meaning of the words "Special Branch, New Scotland Yard."

The Special Branch at Scotland Yard is part of the famous Criminal Investigation Dept., and is under the charge of Superintendent Quinn. Until recently his chief lieutenant was Chief-Inspector McCarthy, who succeeded Frank Froest as Superintendent of the C.I.D.

The Special Branch looks after all political crime, that is to say, it keeps an eye on Anarchists, Suffragettes, seditionists, and all others who plot against the State, apart from the usual run of criminals.

The King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and indeed practically every member of the Royal Family, are always in sight of some detective or other from this branch. Despite the free and easy life of an Oxford undergraduate, the Prince of Wales is guarded night and day by the Special Branch, and it is more than probable that the Prince is not aware of the care with which he is protected.

'Tecs as Waiters for Mr. Gladstone.

A detective, dressed as a petty officer, lived at Dartmouth Naval College all the time the Prince of Wales was there.

One of the greatest difficulties Superintendent Quinn and his subordinates have to face is the fact that Royalty and others dislike being shadowed. Famous men seem to have an instinctive horror of being followed about, and pooh-pooh the danger which Scotland Yard knows too well. So many a public man is guarded night and day and doesn't know it!

When Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister he was always glad if he could escape for a few minutes from the care of the private detectives. One evening he went to a dinner with a noble friend in the West End.

"I am extremely pleased to notice that you have made no fuss about me," he said to his host. "I can't go anywhere nowadays without having detectives watching over me, and it is a blessing to be here this evening and to know that, for an hour or two, I have not got those fellows' eyes upon me!"

A couple of waiters stood behind the Prime Minister's chair. They came from Scotland Yard!

Mr. Balfour's Golfing Opponent.

The members of the Special Branch of the C.I.D. are of a very different type from the ordinary constable. They are all good linguists, well-educated, and capable at a moment's notice of becoming a guest or a servant in a big house.

When Mr. Balfour was Irish Secretary, for instance, he was accompanied by an armed detective. During that time he played some of his finest games of golf with a keen-eyed detective as his opponent. But very few people knew who the golfing companion of Mr. Balfour really was.

Superintendent Quinn and his assistants attend the various Levees and other Court functions, mixing with the guests as one of themselves.

The Prime Minister, Mr. McKenna, Mr. Lloyd George, and most of the other members of the Government hardly stir a yard without the attendance of a police guard. The detective may be the chauffeur who drives the taxi that has been suddenly called for, he may be the cyclist casually ambling along by the side of the Minister's motor, or he may be one of the enthusiastic spectators at a golf match.

Since the outburst of deeds of violence by the Suffragettes the resources of the Special Branch have been taxed to the uttermost. Cabinet Ministers are watched day and night. Any policeman on whose beat is a house of a member of the

Government has special instructions to keep a close look-out for Suffragettes.

Even when Ministers are on their holidays they are guarded. When Mr. Lloyd-George went to Marienbad last year he was accompanied by several members of the Special Branch, who stayed with him and followed him about during the whole of his holiday, chiefly to protect him from Suffragettes.

Members of the C.I.D. must be prepared to go anywhere at a moment's notice to guard this or that famous man. When Chief-Inspector McCarthy was second in command of the Special Branch he accompanied King George to Canada, and was in Madrid when the bomb was thrown at the King and Queen of Spain on the occasion of their marriage. He had gone there to protect Princess Ena until she actually became Spain's Queen.

For years McCarthy lived in a little French seaside town watching and reporting the movements of criminals from the Continent to England, and putting his hands on those who had bolted suddenly from London, hoping to find safety across the Channel.

Back in the metropolis, he had his hands full dealing with Suffragette riots and raids. Such was his charm of manner and his unfailing courtesy that the ladies used to say it was a pleasure to be arrested by Mr. McCarthy!

THE MILESTONE.

Along a road two Irish lads

One summer's day were walking,

And all the while, with laugh and shout,

In lively strains were talking.

About the fair, about the girls,

And who was best at dancing;

While at each pretty face they met

Their eyes were brightly glancing.

And as they strode for many a mile,

They grew in tone quite frisky,

As now and then, from lip to lip,

They passed the "darlint" whisky.

At length before them in the woods,

The roadside now commanding,

They saw, the white sides lettered o'er,

A milestone, lonely standing.

They read, and quickly doffed their hats,

With sorrow in their faces;

Then turning with reverential awe,

They stepped back several paces.

"Speak low, we're near the dead," said one,

"His grave we'll not be troublin'."

An old man sure? one hundred, and

His name is 'Miles from Dublin.'"

DOUBLE THE TIME.

"If a man had an arm long enough to touch the sun and burn his fingers," said the professor, "he would not feel the pain for 5,602 years."

"And for how many thousands of years could he be heard swearing about it professor?" asked the anxious student in the second row.

"NAME this child!" commanded the minister, preparing to baptize the twins.

The proud father threw out his chest. "George Lloyd Winston Asquith Roberts Baden-Powell Buller Carnegie Jones!"

The minister gasped for second wind.

"And the other?"

The meek, nervous mother smoothed the dress of the one she held, and in a scarcely audible voice, answered:

"Maude."

WEDDING GARB EXPLAINED.

THE curate of a large and fashionable church was endeavouring to teach the significance of white to a Sunday school class.

"Why," said he, "does a bride invariably desire to be clothed in white at her marriage?"

As no one answered, he explained. "White," he said, "stands for joy, and the wedding-day is the most joyous occasion of a woman's life."

A small boy queried, "Why do the men nearly all wear black?"

Britons Love Facing Death.

Scott Tried it and Lost, but Others Have Been More Successful.

AN aeroplane, resplendent with fresh paint and varnish, arrives at the aerodrome. It has come straight from the factory to be put through its test flights, for it is a new type that has never before been in the air. A call is made for volunteers to take out the machine. A dozen pilots step forward eager to undertake this hazardous task, which may well mean death or serious injury to any one of them.

The chosen pilot climbs jauntily into the aeroplane with a triumphant smile at his discomfited companions. Without a trace of fear, he bids the mechanics start the engine, and with very little idea of what is going to happen to himself or the machine, the pilot starts off to negotiate one of the most dangerous phases of aeronautics.

This little incident, the like of which can be seen at any British aerodrome many times during the year, is yet another example of that extraordinary English characteristic of taking huge risks just to see what is going to happen. It is a combination of pluck and foolhardiness which only Britishers seem to possess.

Charged the Boom at Full Speed.

A striking example of how this trait runs through the British character occurred only recently. The Admiralty were conducting a number of experiments with water booms, composed of timber and steel, with the idea of blockading seaports in time of war with hefty structures of this kind. To discover the efficiency of these guards it was necessary to ascertain whether a gunboat charged one of them at full speed would succeed in breaking through the formidable obstruction.

Lieutenant Hodgson, who commanded the gunboat *Ferret*, immediately volunteered to rush his vessel at one of these booms. The authorities hesitated, realising the terrible risk of such an undertaking, but in the end they gave their consent. The crew of the *Ferret* were informed of the task their vessel was to undertake, and permission given to those members of the crew who were not desirous of participating in the experiment to absent themselves from the vessel. To a man they stuck to their posts.

And so early one morning, with the crew lying flat on their faces on the deck, the *Ferret* sped through the water with full steam ahead at a head line of wicked-looking, pointed timbers lashed together with steel hawsers. The charging vessel quivered at the immense impact as it struck the hefty boom, but it succeeded in tearing its way through the floating timbers, and once and for all sounded the death knell of this form of naval defence.

A short time ago a life-saving apparatus of a unique kind was being tested in connection with submarines. It consisted of a tube placed in the bow of the vessel through which it was suggested that in event of the craft refusing to rise, members of the crew could be shot through this tube by compressed air, up to the surface.

Offered to Act as Human Bullet.

An English lieutenant did all he could to be allowed to act as a human shot and be expelled from this tube some thirty feet below the surface of the water. But the authorities regarded the experiment as too risky, and eventually a collier was substituted.

But the annals of English history abound with instances of this form of bravery. George Stevenson, who invented one of the pioneer safety-lamps for miners, was at first rather dubious whether his lamp was really safe. So, just to see what would happen, he took it down into a pit and plunged it alight into an atmosphere thick with after-damp. His lamp proved reliable and burnt safely in the dangerous atmosphere. But had his calculations been wrong, he would have been blown to bits.

One of the finest and most recent instances of the Englishman's love of gambling with unknown odds is that of the late Captain Scott. In his last diary he wrote:

"No one in the world would have expected the temperature and surface that we encountered. We took risks, we knew we took them, and they have come out against us." Scott braved many unknown perils of the Arctic with the true British pioneer spirit, and when the odds turned against him he and his brave companions died like English gentlemen.

In a day or two the Oxford and Cambridge Boatrace will be rowed.



Inside my Cardboard Cow

Mr. Frank Newman, Whose Natural History Films Are Famous, Tells Mr. P. Doubleyou His Quaint Experiences.



The twentieth century is the age of the specialist in the cinematograph world as in everything else. My speciality is the taking of animal pictures. I have devoted myself to this branch for the last twelve years.

It is a curious and interesting life. Naturally one cannot invite one's victims to one's studio, so it is that who have to go to them. And one needs lots of ingenuity to get near enough them to take good pictures.

I often use a hollow cow, composed of cardboard covered with cork lino, and painted red to look like a cow. Inside this I often spend a whole day from before dawn till after dark, watching and filming through my spy-holes the field life round me. These spy-holes are three in number, and are fitted with red glass shutters, so that my cow serves as my dark-room.

My cow is provided with a spirit stove and ample refreshments, so I manage to make myself pretty comfortable—particularly as my cow is about three times the proper cow size. This is a fact that no bird or animal I have ever met seemed clever enough to notice. My cow is unique in another way, too. It is provided with a middle leg, on which I can revolve it from inside when I like.

Worried by a Wasp.

Among my unpleasant experiences I remember the day I was photographing a woodpecker (only four feet away) giving food to its young. Another specimen of wild life appeared suddenly on the scene through my spy-hole. During my fierce encounter with that wasp I upset the cup of tea in my hand and ruined my day's work. But patience is the most necessary of virtues in animal filming. For instance, the securing of my films of the

wild rabbit disporting himself about his burrows, and the wily fox stalking and slaying him, cost me just three months' waiting, as well as lots of brain-work. I had to fit up a clockwork apparatus near the fox's den so that he might get accustomed to the whirr of my camera. The camera and I were only a few yards off the mouth of the den, our "hide" being a hut built of bushes.

In the end I had to hurry matters. I had some rabbits trapped alive, and put them in a box in a disused warren. This box, which was fitted with a trap-door, had an electric connection with my "hide." When the fox came home (he was as regular as a City clerk), I released the trap-door. The rabbits, of course, popped out of the warren and began feeding. So did the fox, who was on them in a flash.

I Have a Dummy Tree-Trunk.

Besides my dummy cow, a favourite "hide" of mine is a dummy tree-trunk, fitted with the same conveniences as the cow is. A woodpecker once tried to bore his way in to me, but the cork lino baffled him. And for days a jackdaw tried to perseveringly build a nest under my skilfully-disguised ventilator. But the sticks he brought were always too long, and when I unlocked my tree-trunk every day I found the ground littered with abandoned sticks.

One sees curious things at times. When in my dummy tree-trunk once I saw a batch of poachers at work. I tackled them afterwards in the village. They were utterly taken aback, and flatly declared that I could not have been in the neighbourhood, however well-hidden among the bushes, without them spotting me. When I gave away my secret they were hugely delighted at the joke and willingly

gave me an encore of their poaching performance. It made excellent pictures.

I take most of my animal pictures in Surrey, where I have the run of any estate. (I have been all over the world, though, filming animals.) I keep a small zoo of my own there, mostly of foreign animals. I have a lion cub which is being brought up with a lamb. They are great friends. And I have taken films of my guinea-pigs and dornice, sitting up at table, eating, as well as going to bed.

The secret of the bed performance is very simple. The dornice know that each little bed contains a tiny hot-water bottle, and they love the warmth. When hibernating, too, they cover themselves, heads and all, with leaves for warmth. So it comes quite naturally to them to draw the bed clothes up.

How a Stoat Stole an Egg.

The most interesting sight I ever saw I think when filming was a stoat stealing a pheasant's egg from the nest. It held it closely to its chest and rolled over and over head over heels till it was out of danger. It spun along at a great pace like a rapidly-rolling ball. This accomplishment of the stoat's is not a new discovery, but very few people have actually seen it. Unfortunately, my camera was not quite ready.

I said my dummy cow and tree-trunk always escaped suspicion. I forgot the jay. The jay is proverbially suspicious, and it gave me to understand it did not think much of my imitations. Whenever one came anywhere near me it flew away with a scream of terror.

A MODERN DUEL.

"So those two lovely men were in love with you?"
"Yes."
"And they really fought a duel about you?"
"Y-yes."
"Swords or pistols?"
"P-p-pistols."
"How exciting! Were they loaded?"
"No. Both of them were sober."

DINNER SERVED BY DANCING WAITERS.

"The waiters have had their night out," says a daily paper. "Every restaurant employee in London who could possibly consign his 'regulars' to a deputy was doing the Gaby glide at the annual ball of the Geneva Association. Our cartoonist thinks that this ball may have a lasting effect on our waiters."





Harry the 'Upper'

The Story of a Sentimental Cracksmen.

By CHARLES TIBBITS.

DETECTIVE GRIPLER was coming slowly back to consciousness. His first impressions were those of peculiar discomfort in his legs and arms. He could not move them. And there was something in his mouth—a lump of rag, it seemed. He was not in bed dreaming; it was not nightmare. He was lying on something much harder than a bed. In the darkness his eyes suddenly noted a little, single fierce beam of light moving about. That revived Gripler at once. The gleam of light he saw came from a burglar's dark lantern!

He remembered everything with a rush—how he had been walking round, on the look out for suspicious characters, and had come to the residence of Proudlow, the stockbroker, a large house standing by itself in pleasant grounds.

He had stolen up the garden-path and reconnoitred. There was certainly someone in the house! Gripler had entered by a window he found unfastened, had crept softly into the hall, had groped his way to the sounds his quick ear detected.

He remembered he had softly pushed open the drawing-room door and had inserted his head to see what was going on inside. Then the crash came, and he remembered no more.

"Sorry if you're not comfortable, Gripler," said the burglar, in low tones. "You see how it was. When you put your head in at the door I had to give it a tap, for I didn't want to be interrupted. But, as a person with some pugilistic skill, I made it as light as possible consistent with getting the effect I wanted, making you unconscious. It won't do you any harm, old boy. Then I tied you up and put the antimacassar in your mouth as a gag. I'm afraid you'll have to stop there till the servants find you in the morning. I'll do what I can, though, for you."

He left Gripler's side for a moment or two and came back. Gripler felt him raising his head and sliding some cushions under him.

"These oak floors are deucedly hard," said the burglar; "and, although it's mild for the time of year, still the nights are chilly, so I'll put this tablecloth over you and tuck you up. There you are, old man! By the way, it's turned out a wet night, so I'm borrowing your overcoat. I'll take care it's returned to the police-station in a day or two. Good-bye!"

If Gripler's mouth had not been so full of antimacassar he would have ground his teeth with rage. The little gleam of light was extinguished, and, in the blackness of the room, he heard the man softly glide away.

Rapidly reviewing the army of gentlemen burglars he knew—and Gripler was a specialist in burglars—he identified his captor as Harry, the "Upper"—Harry, the "Upper"—one of the very cream of the burglary world, an aristocrat in crime! What a prize he would have been! What a feather in the cap of Detective Gripler? Gripler groaned. To think, too, that "the Upper" had stolen his coat. What a joke for the Force.

It was a wet, gusty night, but, thanks to Gripler's overcoat, "the Upper" felt comfortable as he strolled slowly homewards. He had had a bad night. Mr. Proudlow's mansion, pretentious-looking as it was, had turned out to be really not worth a burglary expert's attention. The plate was electro, and the jewellery all "dud"! Proudlow was a fraud.

"The Upper" sighed as he reflected what a lot of unscrupulous shams there were in this world, and resolving to cheer himself with a cigar, thrust his hand down into the pocket of the overcoat. He started. Of course. He had forgotten. It was Gripler's overcoat he had on, and the hard, cold things he had touched were a pair of handcuffs. Gripler evidently having come out prepared to make a capture. He took a cigar out of the pocket of his jacket and felt for his matchbox.

Once more he was groping in one of Gripler's pockets. What was that his hand felt there? A photograph? When "the Upper" at last found his matchbox and had lit his cigar he took the opportunity to scan the photograph by its light. The picture of a woman! A very pleasant-faced woman, too! And under the portrait were written the words:

*"For Joe, the hubby who's my pride,
When duty calls him from my side."*

From JOE'S MARY.

"Mrs. Gripler!" exclaimed "the Upper." "Who on earth would dream of his carrying his wife's photo-

graph about like that? Gripler and sentiment! What a blessed mixture! And she loves him? I'm afraid I've done him and her a bad turn this night."

He thrust the photo back angrily into the pocket of the coat.

Perhaps it was the peculiar sensitiveness that comes of long training in avoiding danger that suddenly caused "the Upper" to feel that there was something wrong in the house he was passing—a house with a little garden in front. "The Upper" quickly stole in at the gate and walked softly round the place.

In the room at the back, with the French windows opening on the lawn, were two stealthily-moving figures. Burglars!

Then suddenly the door of the room opened, and a girl with a candle in her hand looked in. The two dark figures leapt upon her, and the girl fell before their attack to the floor. Were they murdering her?

The window crashed in as "the Upper" darted in to her assistance. He hardly realised what happened during the next few moments until the two men—had he not told Gripler he knew something of pugilism?—lay insensible on the floor. "The Upper" took breath and looked about him. Then a bright idea occurred to him. Dragging the two ruffians together and producing Gripler's handcuffs, he clicked one of the steel circles on the wrist of one of the insensible ruffians, and the other on his companion. Striking a match and lighting the candle the girl had carried, he was bending over her when there rushed into the room a crowd of white-faced people.

"Nell, Nell! They have murdered her!" shrieked a woman, throwing herself down beside the girl.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said "the Upper." "She is only unconscious. She is not seriously hurt. Bring some water, someone! See. She is already opening her eyes."

He sprinkled some of the water on her face. Her head was on his breast and the long, golden hair

**OWING TO THE EASTER HOLIDAYS
NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER
Will be Out on
SATURDAY.**

straggled over his arm. Her eyes met his, and "the Upper" remarked that her eyes were very pretty.

"I'll leave her to you, madam," said "the Upper," rising with a little sigh. "If I am not mistaken, those two scoundrels are coming to their senses."

The handcuffed men were, indeed, beginning to show some signs of life.

"If you will bring a cord," said "the Upper" to the servants, "I'll just make these two secure, and then—then I'll summon assistance to take 'em to the police-station."

His nimble hands quickly tied the ruffians so fast that they could not escape.

"I think that's all right," he exclaimed.

"Right!" exclaimed a tall, grey-haired gentleman standing beside him. "Right! My dear sir, give me your hand. You are magnificent—a hero! Who are you? I'd like to know to whom I owe Nell's life."

"Hem! I am Gripler—Gripler, the detective," replied "the Upper." "There, my dear sir! It's nothing—nothing—only my duty. If you will excuse me I'll go and get assistance to carry these two blackguards to the station."

Detective Gripler, lying where "the Upper" had left him, wondered whether it was already morning when he heard a creaky noise in the room. No. No servant would walk so softly as that. But someone was bending over him. Then the very last voice Gripler ever expected to hear was speaking to him. It was "the Upper" returned!

"I say, Gripler!" he whispered. "Are you awake? You are"—as Gripler replied, with a snort. "I've got some news. I want to make a bargain with you. If I take the gag out of your mouth will you give me your word of honour you won't kick up a row. It's something, as business folk say, to our mutual advantage."

For a moment Gripler gave no sign. Then he nodded his head.

"I've had a bit of an adventure," explained "the Upper," having removed the antimacassar from Gripler's mouth. "I've caught a pair of burglars."

"What?" cried Gripler. "What?"

"It seems a bit out of my line, doesn't it?" agreed "the Upper." "I shouldn't, of course, have interfered with them, only murder might have been done. As it is, I collared them. I've got them handcuffed—those handcuffs I found in your overcoat pocket came in wonderfully handy—on the dining-room floor at

Major Beecher's house. Listen, and I'll tell you all about it."

He did, and Gripler listened dumb with amazement. "Of course," said "the Upper," "when all the folk came tumbling into the room I had to pretend I was a detective, and when old Major Beecher asked my name as the saviour of his daughter—what a pretty girl Miss Beecher is!—I had to give him a name. So I said I was you, Gripler. Now, what I suggest is that you should go and finish the job."

"What do you mean?" gasped Gripler.

"We're not so much unlike in appearance," urged "the Upper"; "and those people at Beecher's were too excited to notice me particularly. If I release you and you slip into your overcoat—here it is—you can drop in there as if it was you who did the trick. All I want is for you to give me your word of honour that, if I let you loose, you'll forget all that happened here."

For a moment or two Gripler was silent.

"All right!" he said.

"The Upper" lay, very feeble, in the bed to which his illness had confined him. Two years had passed since that affair at Beecher's. He closed his eyes and moaned.

His sickness had brought many things home to him. What a fool he had been! One piece of reckless folly, and the Devil seemed to have taken him by the scruff of his neck and pushed him on ever after! Why could not the doctor have let him die? What was the good of him? And he had no friend in the world—none! He opened his eyes as he heard a little rustle beside his bed. A man was bending over him.

He started as he recognised Gripler, the celebrated capturer of burglars.

"You?" he exclaimed in surprise. "You?"

"Yes, it's me," replied Gripler. "I've been looking for you ever so long."

"You've got me now," said "the Upper," feelingly. "Which job is it for? The affair—"

"Hold your tongue!" ordered Gripler sharply. "I don't want to hear you. Listen! I've been looking for you for months."

"And, I say, you've got me!" exclaimed "the Upper" querulously. "Why couldn't the feet of a doctor let me die? What's the good of life to a fellow like me? Everything wrong! Yet I might have been straight if I'd only had a single friend—only one friend! But there's no turning after a fellow's once taken the wrong one."

"That's where you're mistaken," said Gripler. "Look here. The doctor's pulled you round. You're a young chap still, and you've got plenty of life in you yet. I've been looking for you for months. Now, Gripler wouldn't let me have a day's peace. 'You're a nice detective,' she says to me. 'Why can't you find "the Upper"?' And I've tried and tried. Now I've got you."

"You have," agreed "the Upper." "But why Mrs. Gripler should be so down on me, I can't make out."

"Mrs. Gripler's the best woman that ever was!" exclaimed Gripler. "That's why she wanted me to track you down."

"I cannot say I am obliged to her for her attentions," murmured "the Upper."

"Look here," said Gripler. "You remember the last night we met and those chaps you nabbed? It proved a mighty big feather in my cap, and I've been going ahead in the Force ever since. Then Major Beecher made me a present of five hundred pounds for saving his daughter's life. Five hundred pounds!"

For a moment "the Upper" was silent. He lay back on his pillow, his face flushed with sudden colour and with a sudden strange look of happiness on it. Could it be that Gripler had not come to arrest him?

"You see," went on Gripler, "there's five hundred and twenty-seven pounds seven shillings and ninepence waiting for you. The twenty-seven pound odd—that's the interest—gets you the very best nursing you need. Then, when you're on your legs again, why, you slip off to the United States and a new life."

"But you forget," said "the Upper." "I'm in hiding here. If I tried to escape the police would have me."

Detective Gripler leaned closer in his ear.

"You saved that girl's life at the risk of your own, didn't you?" he asked. "Very well! And you did me and Mrs. Gripler a mighty good turn. I said 'a new life' in the States, didn't I? You'll shake hands on that, won't you?"

"The Upper" thrust out a very thin, trembling hand and Gripler shook it.

"I will!" he exclaimed. "I promise you! I swear it!"

"Good!" said Gripler. "Then I'll get you away as easily as winking."

In spite of all the efforts of the most "active and intelligent" members of the detective force anxious to find him, Harry, the "Upper" disappeared completely. Detective Gripler, when asked for his "theory" as to how he managed to escape, gave it as his opinion that "the Upper" was really a gentleman, and that some powerful friend came to his assistance.

And perhaps Gripler never had a truer "theory" than that.

—For the five best Limericks I will give Solid Silver Watches. Mark postcards "Oarsman." (See page 932.)

GREAT FOOTBALL

**NO Goals
Required.
NO Entry Fee.**

£500

OFFERED EVERY WEEK

SKILL CONTEST

**You May Send as
Many Attempts
as You Like.**

THIS CONTEST CLOSSES ONE DAY EARLIER. THURSDAY, MARCH 20.

On the entry form below you will find the names of the clubs taking part in matches to be played on Saturday, March 22nd. You have first of all to make yourself acquainted with the records and capabilities of the various clubs, and decide in each case which club you think will win. Then draw a line in ink through the name of the club which you believe will lose. If, in your opinion, any of the matches will result in a draw, then leave names of both teams in.

This Football Skill Competition has been devised for the amusement of the many tens of thousands of our readers who take a keen interest in Association Football, and to enable them to put their knowledge to good account. The prize offered is £500, and the task set enables competitors to display their skill in following up football, and also fosters their interest in the game.

It so frequently happens that the success of a team is seriously affected by the presence or absence of one particular player or by other local conditions. In order, therefore, to enable individual competitors to exercise their football skill and knowledge to the fullest extent we permit them to send in more than one entry form where they consider it necessary.

Any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.

**Competitors May Send as Many Attempts
as They Wish.**

As a help and guide to the exercise of your judgment, we recommend "Pearson's Football Annual," price 3d. (or post free 4d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.), in which will be found complete information regarding teams, records of play in past seasons, and results of corresponding League matches played last season, all of which are of enormous assistance in marking your coupon.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL CONTEST No. 25.

Matches Played on Saturday, Feb. 22nd.

In this contest the consolation prize of £25 has been won by:

IVOR REES, 218 High St., Gellifaclog, Merthyr,

who had only one match incorrect.

Conditions with which Competitors Must Comply

1. The names of the teams which you believe will lose must be crossed out. Where you forecast a draw don't cross out either.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and blacklead pencil cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Football No. 29" in the top left-hand corner, and affix a penny stamp. All attempts must arrive not later than first post Thursday, March 20th.
4. Competitors may send in as many entry forms as they wish, and any number of persons can inclose their coupons in one envelope, provided the proper amount of postage is affixed.
5. The sum of £500 will be awarded to the competitor from whom the Editor receives an entry form bearing what proves to be the correct result of all the matches played. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided. In the event of one or more matches not being played on the date given in the coupon, the £500 will not be awarded.
6. Should no competitor give the correct results of all the matches played, £25 will be awarded to the competitor who sends the entry form containing the greatest number of correct results. In the event of a tie this sum will be divided.
7. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of receipt.
8. The Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY does not assume any responsibility for any alterations that may be made in the fixtures given in the entry form.
9. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
10. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.
11. No coupon bearing an address in Scotland will be eligible for this competition.

Closing Date, Thursday, March 20th.

Pearson's Football Contest No. 29.

Matches to be played on Saturday, March 22nd.

Cross out which you consider will be the losing club. For a draw don't cross out either.

Blackburn Rovers	v	Oldham Athletic
Middlesbrough	v	Bolton Wanderers
Notts County	v	Liverpool
Manchester United	v	Aston Villa
West Bromwich Albion	v	Bradford City
Derby County	v	Newcastle United
Barnsley	v	Preston North End
Birmingham	v	Notts Forest
Fulham	v	Burnley
Huddersfield Town	v	Lincoln City
Leeds City	v	Clapton Orient
Blackpool	v	Bristol City
Grimsby Town	v	Glossop
Bradford	v	Stockport County
Brentford	v	Exeter City
Bristol Rovers	v	Swindon Town
Gillingham	v	Coventry City
Queen's Park Rangers	v	West Ham United
Southampton	v	Crystal Palace
Stoke	v	Plymouth Argyle

Matches take place on the ground of the first-named club. I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."

Signature

Address

FOOTER FACTS AND FANCIES.

Half-time Topics.

The figures for the Third Round of the English Cup are quite remarkable, and create a record that will take a lot of beating. Nearly 300,000 witnessed the ten matches, and over £15,000 was taken at the gates, averaging over £1,500 for each game.

The preceding rounds of the competition proper are also noteworthy, for in seventy-two matches over £41,000 was taken in gate-money, and 1,182,200 spectators witnessed the games.

The Value of a "Penalty."

Liverpool's Cup pretensions were sadly upset at Newcastle, where the Noroecastrians gained the verdict by the aid of a penalty kick. This was in the Third Round of the Cup, and, so far as the Anfielders are concerned, their loss may be reckoned in so many thousands of pounds. The value of that kick to Newcastle, on the other hand, meant the gain of just as much as Liverpool lost.

On the same day that Liverpool's exit from the Cup tourney took place, Huddersfield were entertaining Burnley in a Second League game, and here again the match was decided by a penalty kick. The result may be disastrous to Burnley's chance of promotion, for this defeat brings Notts Forest, Birmingham, and Lincoln City well within the range of success, and possibilities for the Wolves and Barnsley.

Burnley just missed promotion last year, and if this penalty goal should have the effect of keeping them in the Second Division for another season they will be deeply punished for tripping Fayers in the dreaded area.

There is no hesitation on the part of most backs and

halves to deliberately foul in the penalty area, if there is no other way of stopping an opponent. When a player has been remonstrated with for such tactics, he will invariably answer that a goal would have resulted anyway if he had not stopped the man, or handled in the sacred area.

There is always the off-chance of the goalkeeper saving the shot. But one cannot help thinking that a good many goalkeepers would rather take their chance with the game in full swing than attempt to save a penalty shot.

McWilliam and the S.F.A.

The action of the Scottish Football Association in declining to make a grant to Peter McWilliam, who was injured while playing for Scotland, has been made the subject of many scathing comments.

The fact has been belaboured to the extent that it has even been suggested that Scotsmen playing for English clubs should refuse to play for their country when invited by the S.F.A., and that English clubs should refuse permission to their Scottish players to take part in Internationals, on the score that they are unwilling to risk injuries.

Much has been made of the fact that Newcastle United has presented McWilliam with £200, to the detriment of the S.F.A., whose parsimonious action is referred to as being unworthy of Scottish football.

If McWilliam really needed the money there is no doubt but that the Scottish Association would have forked out handsomely, but doubtless they are of the opinion, as many others are, that the position of football manager to the Tottenham Hotspur Club is, financially and otherwise, a bit superior to that of a player for Newcastle United.

Coupon No. 29.

Our readers will notice that the matches in Coupon No. 29 are due for Easter Saturday. Most of the clubs are also engaged on Good Friday as well, so

that fact should be taken into consideration when filling up the Coupon.

A fine struggle will take place when Oldham Athletic try conclusions with Blackburn Rovers at Ewood Park. The first match this season between the two should have taken place on November 15th, but was postponed owing to fog. The fixture was re-arranged for New Year's Day, and a large crowd witnessed a goalless draw. Both teams are within striking distance of the championship, and it is pretty certain that no chances will be thrown away by either side.

Middlesbrough have a stiff engagement on Good Friday with Manchester City, and on the following day meet Bolton Wanderers. When the teams met in November last at Bolton, the Wanderers just got home by the odd goal in five. Middlesbrough want their revenge, but Bolton are in the running for the Championship, and are likely to give the homesters as much as they can hold.

Manchester United have a little matter to settle with Aston Villa, for the latter soundly whacked the United when they visited the Lower Aston grounds in November last. The game will produce a great struggle, and the United may just get home.

Newcastle United have also a little account to square with Derby County. The Derby men gave a fine exhibition of skilful football when they defeated the Noroecastrians by four goals to two at St. James Park.

Among the other games in the coupon the following resulted in draws at the first meeting: Bradford City v. West Bromwich Albion, 1-1; Notts County v. Liverpool, 0-0; Bristol City v. Blackpool, 0-0; Swindon Town v. Bristol Rovers, 2-2. All the other games in the coupon went to the home teams, with the exception of Coventry City, who fell to Gillingham. Among the notable home victories was Burnley's defeat of Fulham by five goals, and Crystal Palace's sensational score of eight goals against Southampton.

The other day the sub-editor took his best girl to dinner at the Trocadero.

FROM NAVVY TO POET.

The Story of a Remarkable Rise From the Rank.

(Mr. Patrick MacGill is a wonderful man; he has risen from the humble walk of navvy to the promising path of poet. Mr. MacGill is still in his early twenties, but he has already written two books, one of which, "Songs of a Navvy," has been declared by a distinguished literary critic to be the best thing of its kind since Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads." His third volume, "Songs of the Dead End," has just been published.)

PATRICK MACGILL became a navvy through happening to be on the spot just when a man had been crushed to death.

For two years he had been tramping about, turning his hand to anything that turned up and meant a little money. Mostly he worked for Scottish farmers.

But he wanted to be a navvy, a pick-pioneer. And he got his opportunity through a fellow-being's misfortune. It was near Glasgow, and MacGill had wandered on to the six-foot way of a railway cutting. A little knot of men were crowding round some object on the ground. The "object" was a man who had been crushed to death.

Engaged on the Spot.

The boy got into conversation with one of the navvies and then approached the ganger.

"Any chance of a job?" he asked.

He looked at MacGill sharply. "How old are you?"

"Twenty-two," he lied, knowing that you must be at least twenty-one to get taken on. He also added that he had had no experience of the work.

"All right!" said the ganger; "we're a man short now; you can start. You look young, but you'll get over it."

He remained a navvy until the writing which he did in his spare time enabled him to throw aside the pick for the pen.

The navvy-poet met some extraordinary characters during his navvying days. There was "Horse" Roche, for instance. "Horse" was so strong that he could twist a horse-shoe with his hands, and lift a forty-eight foot iron rail—270 lb. the yard—clear from the ground and straighten himself while holding it.

"Horse" was murdered in the end, but while he was alive he feared no man. Most men who knew him feared him, however. Once MacGill was in a public-house with him; he had had rather too much to drink, and a remark a horsy little person made offended him. The result was riotous. Among other things "Horse" Roche did were:—

Pulled the barman clean across the counter and, using him as a sort of "buffer," cleared the premises;

Caught a policeman who tried to interfere and swung him about as you would swing a stick;

Knocked down several inoffensive persons in the street; and

Waked up about a dozen of his mates and terrified them into getting out of bed, going out-of-doors stark naked, and walking round an adjacent reservoir three times!

Another character was "Moleskin Joe." Patrick MacGill was his mate for a year, and he never knew him change or wash his shirt. He only had one.

"Moleskin Joe" Never Changed His Shirt.

Joe was a great fighter and didn't lose more than one scrap in ten—although he was once lifted bodily and thrown slap into a heap of rubbish. He refused to fight with that antagonist any more on the ground that he was not "artistic"!

The publication of MacGill's first book helped him in an unexpected way; it took him on to the staff of THE DAILY EXPRESS. Mr. C. Arthur Pearson happened to see the review copy sent in, and made him the offer of a post on his staff.

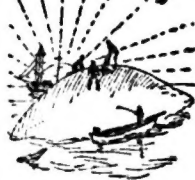
The young beginner was diffident, and said that though he was a writer among navvies, he might prove to be a navvy among writers. But Mr. Pearson insisted, and so he took to journalism.

Soon after he had joined THE EXPRESS, he met Bernard Shaw, and he asked him a characteristic question.

"Why have you given up honest work and taken to journalism?" he said.

At present MacGill is living in Windsor Castle, working on old manuscripts, some of them dating back to the twelfth century.

Ambergris From Whales



A WHALING skipper has just dug a lump of ambergris, weighing half a ton, out of the side of a dead whale near New Zealand.

This half-ton, by far the biggest quantity ever found at once, is valued at 160,000, roughly, £3 10s. an ounce.

Ambergris is a disease secretion which forms in the inside of spermaceti whales. It constitutes the basis of most high-class perfumes, yet it emits a horrible smell.

It is a wax-like substance, and is to be found floating on the waters of the Indian Ocean and other parts of the tropics. Sometimes the pieces discovered weigh only half an ounce, at other times over hundreds of pounds. In colour it is black, white, yellow, ash-grey, or even streaky, like marble.

If a quantity found happens to be a light colour, it contains black spots, which are caused by the beaks of a special kind of octopus, the chief food of the spermaceti whale.

Another most interesting fact about ambergris is that if you expose it to heat of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, it disappears into a white vapour.

BIRTHDAY NOTES.

Mon., March 10.

The woman who looks as though she had a secret sorrow is always interesting—until she begins to turn it loose.

Tues., March 11.

Some men are born liars, some have to lie for a living, and some lie because their wives are too inquisitive.

Wed., March 12.

No woman is as truthful as her mirror.

Thurs., March 13.

Everything comes to him who waits—but he had better be doing something while he is waiting.

Fri., March 14.

Woman expects to meet none but her own set in Heaven—man none but total strangers.

Sat., March 15.

A man always wants to be first in a woman's life—but a woman prefers to be the last in the man's. It's certainly safer.

Sun., March 16.

Marrying a man to reform him is a good deal like trying to make an omelette out of a bad egg.

Pineapple for Dyspeptics



Do you suffer from indigestion? Then try eating pineapple. The fact is that the juice of a pineapple is an enzyme. An enzyme is a substance which has the power of splitting up other substances, or making them ferment. Yeast, for example, is an enzyme.

Pineapple juice acts on meat in such a way as to make it easy of digestion. You can easily test this. The next time you have a piece of raw steak in the house place a slice of the fruit on its upper surface. Before very long you will find that where the steak has touched the pineapple it has become like a jelly.

It must be fresh pineapple, however. Tinned pineapples lose their power of helping dyspeptics. In fact, the cooked fruit is more indigestible than otherwise. It is the fresh juice which is valuable, not the "flesh" of the fruit.

As a good-sized pineapple contains nearly two pints of juice, it is easily seen that even a small slice will go a long way towards helping the stomach to digest properly. People who suffer badly from dyspepsia should eat at least one slice after dinner.

It is better to eat a slice of the fruit than to drink some of the juice. The juice alone is liable to have a violent effect, and as the woody fibre of the fruit is difficult of digestion some of the strength of the juice is used by dissolving it.

HOW MISERS USE METERS.

The Penny-in-the-slot Gas-meter—or "penny-pincher"—is often used as a Savings' Bank.

It is only some twenty-five years ago that an inventor hit upon the idea of what is officially known as the prepayment gas-meter, and popularly dubbed "the penny-pincher."

In that quarter of a century the slot-meter, has done all sorts of striking things.

In London alone the slot-meter business is a gigantic one. The number in use there is rising steadily towards the half-million mark, while the dead weight of copper they disgorge in a year to the collector with the little bags is nearly ten thousand tons.

Where do the coppers go to? Some gas companies have a serious difficulty in getting the bank to take cab-loads of coppers off their hands. In London the problem is usually solved by disposing of them to tradesmen in the neighbourhood in which they are collected.

In poor districts there is a much bigger demand when shopping, for coppers in change than elsewhere, and if it were not for the big gas companies, small tradesmen would have difficulty in providing the wanted pennies.

Two Shilling Pieces—Not Pennies.

Counting the pennies off into bags of sixty when they are being taken out of the meters—a collector will clear eighty meters a day—saves a lot of counting later, though some gas companies prefer to turn mechanical coin-counters on to the task.

Collectors have some curious tales to tell. It would seem difficult to use a gas-meter as anything else but a gas-meter, but ingenious people often use them as savings' banks.

A man who cannot trust himself to keep money in his pockets will often put in a florin or a batch of florins instead of the corresponding number of pennies. Being the same size they work the meter just as well. When the collector empties the coin-box he redeems the silver by replacing it with pennies—or sometimes pops it immediately into the slot again.

There have been cases in which sovereigns and half-sovereigns have been inserted out of habit. Unlike florins they do not work the meter, but they are safe in a bank that refuses to pay on demand when the depositor has a moment of weakness.

The record in this line is believed to be that of an old soldier in Islington who for some years has kept fifty-nine pounds—all his savings—in a penny gas-meter. Once every six weeks, when the collector calls, he gloats over his hoard for a few minutes, and then, with a sigh, starts putting it back.

When We Hadn't Any Coppers.

It was not till some ten years after their invention that penny meters began really to catch on, but when they did they did so thoroughly. The great boom year was 1895, and in that year there was a greater shortage of pennies than has ever been known before or since. Next year the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced in his Budget speech that the number of pennies to be turned out by the Mint was to be trebled.

The slot-meter is not an easy prey for the thief, for the ingenuity of inventors has made the coin-box stronger and stronger. But with certain types of meter there is a quite feasible way of breaking in a way that, of course, it would be inadvisable to make public—and London, at any rate, is constantly being worked by gangs of meter-thieves.

The small lodging—or boarding-house—is the hunting-ground. They usually work in couples, and after staying one night make a hurried departure in the morning.

But the ingenuity applied to the "penny-pincher" is sometimes quite innocent. One Leeds cobbler manages to get an ample supply of gas for practically nothing a year, simply by the use of a persuasive tongue.

His meter, which is in rather a conspicuous place in the shop, he has disguised till it looks merely a mysterious box with a slot. Customers waiting for small repairs he persuades to wait away the time by putting a penny in his "musical box." No music comes, but he persuades his victims that he is indignant at finding the instrument out of order.

—To his horror, when he came to pay, he found he had left all his money at home.



DEAD MAN'S GRIP

By ARTHUR APPLIN

AND

ELIZABETH GLAYDE.

THREADS TO PICK UP.

Thomas Christian Jephson, the born detective, has promised Philip Derwent to find out what has become of his sister Sally, who is missing from the tea-shop where she works as a waitress.

Calling himself Richard Wagner, and disguising himself as a Jew with more money than sense, he goes to Pierre Carnea's gambling den. Here Hesketh Brand meets him and thinks he has found a pigeon to pluck.

Meanwhile, Deborah Kirke appears as an uninvited guest at the wedding of Joan and Philip, and hands the latter a letter containing the marriage certificate of Joan to her son Robert. Naturally, the ceremony is brought to an abrupt conclusion.

Joan decides to run away from home and is almost knocked down by a motor-bus. She is taken to the police-station by a kindly constable, and here she goes from one fainting fit into another. In a little handbag which she is carrying, the police find the following note:

"If you want the child I will arrange to bring her to you on one condition. You know what I mean. I am willing to forgive your treatment of me, if you will only come to your senses. Come, Joan; no more shilly-shallying. You know as well as I do that it's got to be."

It is signed Hesketh Brand. Thinking he is a friend of Joan, the police send for him. Brand chuckles.

CHAPTER LXXV. The Den of Gamblers.

HEskETH BRAND soon began to discover that his new-found friend, Mr. Richard Wagner, played roulette with a system. What that system was he could not discover. It irritated him because Wagner always seemed to win, and he thought nothing of staking five or even ten pounds at a time.

The annoying part of it was that he always happened to stake when Brand wasn't looking.

"Say, old cock," he asked at last, growing familiar as he grew excited, "how do you do it? What's your system? You might give one the tip."

Wagner shrugged his shoulders. "I haven't any system," he replied in his curious, clipped accents. "I just waits until der fancy seize me. I just vatch—and wait!"

And Brand fancied he smiled to himself.

No matter how often Richard Wagner won, he never became excited. Indeed, the longer he played the more bored he became. Only once did he exhibit any interest in the game—he had forgotten to take up his winnings and, as the colour he had, black, turned up twice in succession, the money he had left on the table was doubled.

"You've got the devil's own luck," Brand growled.

Wagner shook his venerable head. "Lucky at cards, unlucky in love, I suppose."

And he sighed. Brand began to really grow interested in him.

Elderly, rich, lonely, with a weakness for excitement. Certainly a man to be cultivated.

"You don't believe in love, do you," Brand leered under his breath.

Wagner didn't reply. Glancing at him Brand saw his eyes fixed on the girl Trilby. Two men were talking eagerly to her, arguing—bullying perhaps. One, a middle-aged roué, who had originally brought her to the gambling club; Brand knew that this fellow had her to decoy very young and very rich men to his rooms where *chemin de fer*, poker, and other card games were played for high stakes. A clever scoundrel and a gentleman—once. Brand fancied he probably had other schemes hatching in his head for Trilby.

Sometimes he had wondered enviously how it was she had escaped a lonely girl's usual fate. A profitable investment, Trilby, in his hands—after he had got some fun out of her himself.

But there were risks unless one had capital. There wouldn't be any risks with Joan. She would be his property—his, body and soul. He licked his lips.

Then he looked at Richard Wagner again. The latter was still staring at Trilby.

"Nice girl, eh?" Brand whispered.

Wagner yawned. "Is she not spoiled?"

"Not a bit of it," Brand grinned. "Fresh as a lily. Innocent as a February lamb—and as juicy and sweet. I know, you bet I know! She's too useful here—bringing in the young fools and making the old un's disgorge to Carnea."

"You mean dat she is die nice girl still?" Wagner asked. And he did not attempt to hide the interest in his voice.

"Rather! Like an introduction?"

Brand's round eyes gleamed. He was beginning to understand this queer, quiet old man who sought for excitement, who possessed so much money that winning a fiver at every other spin of the roulette wheel only bored him.

"I am vat you call fastidious," Richard Wagner replied. "Besides, it looks as dough der man on her right—Captain Da-vee, I hear some von call him—vos trying to force her on to his companion, der drunken gentleman mit a swollen face and—vos you call it—eyeglass. Who is she? Vere does she come from?"

"Better ask her," Brand replied.

For a moment it looked as though there was going to be a row on the other side of the room. The two men were evidently trying to force the girl to do something she disliked. Eventually, each caught her by the arm and tried to drag her out of the room.

Wagner rose to his feet. "If der's going to be der—scrap you say?—I vont to help. I vont eg-citement."

But Carnea's watchful eye was on the room. Leaping from his seat behind the croupier at the head of the table he approached the group. Most of the players were too intent on the game to be bothered about a quarrel over a woman.

But Brand hurried across the room. Wagner followed him.

The man with a swollen face and a monocle had his arm round the girl's waist and was trying to make her dance down the room. Carnea soon put a stop to that.

"We're all—hic—goin' to th' Gardenia," the drunken brute spluttered. "I've asked this—hic—little bit of stuff to—hic—come 'long with me and—hic—dance the bunny—hic—hug!"

Brand whispered something in Carnea's ear; the latter drew Captain Davis aside, expostulating with him. He jerked his head once or twice in Richard Wagner's direction.

When the latter joined the group the trouble was over. Brand turned to Wagner, and whispered confidentially to him: "Go back to your seat; I will join you in a minute. I am trying to arrange things." He winked knowingly.

Wagner nodded and turned his back on Hesketh Brand, but before going back to the table he found an opportunity of taking a good look at the girl, Trilby. She seemed to be all that Brand had described.

It looked as though the old man were trying to attract her attention. But she took no notice; she was still excited and angry. Carnea commenced to pacify her, but a dispute at the roulette table called him away. Two men and a woman were arguing over their winnings. Before Carnea could interfere a knife flashed in the air. Richard Wagner strolled back to his seat. He was finding some of the excitement he wanted.

Play at the table was stopped; things began to look ugly; half the men and women had risen impatiently from their seats.

When suddenly above the noise and the clamour a girl's voice rose.

A girl singing in Carnea's gambling rooms! Singing in a den of thieves!

Richard Wagner closed his eyes, and folding his arms lay back in his seat and listened. A fine contralto voice, untrained, but pure and natural. What it lacked in power it possessed in feeling. It had the magnetic charm of youth. An arresting, compelling voice. Gradually the noise subsided, men and women resumed their seats and, listening, turned to stare at the singer.

It was Trilby!

She was standing in the middle of the room, her hands clasped behind her back. She seemed unconscious of her surroundings now. The large blue eyes, wide open, stared through the crowd.

Even the three people who quarrelled over their money ceased their wrangling. And eventually absolute silence reigned—save for the young voice, which rose and fell.

The song, like the singer, seemed utterly out of place. She, the girl Trilby, suggested woodlands soft with the sap of spring, and daffodils dancing in the sunshine, and birds twittering their first love songs in the trees. And the song was a song of the South—of Cornwall. And it was sung with just a touch of the old Cornish accent, which added to its piquancy and pathos.

And presently Mr. Wagner opened his eyes. He himself was surprised, and for once he showed it. Not surprised at the song or the singer. But at the scene.

A gambling den, called by courtesy a club, in Soho. A cosmopolitan audience, mostly scoundrels! On the green cloth of the table gold and silver gleaming among the counters; around the table old men and young. Greedy, lascivious, tired, evil faces. Men consumed with a passion for gold, seeking abstraction and forgetfulness in the getting of it. The air was heavy with tobacco smoke. The windows were sealed and shuttered. The brilliant electric lights were shaded, and cast a hot, red glow.

It suggested an Inferno—and in the middle of it, for the moment unconscious of it—a young girl with the face and voice of an angel singing a simple little song of her Cornish home.

The song that Sally used to sing to her brother Philip! And which Philip often used, in his happy moods, to hum.

Mr. Richard Wagner leant his elbows on the table and pulled his chair closer. An evil-looking man with an ugly gash down his cheek fiercely told him to keep quiet. Wagner started and apologised.

Apparently Wagner was upset by the song, perhaps it conjured memories he would fain forget; he fidgeted, searched his pockets for something—then sighed, and finally lit a cigarette.

He alone seemed relieved when the song was over. For a second or two there was dead silence, then an outburst of applause as the spell was broken.

A moment later the croupiers' voices, led by Carnea: "*Faites vos jeux, messieurs! Stake your money! Faites vos jeux!*"

It had been cleverly done. Trilby, quite unconsciously on her part, had saved the situation! The roulette wheel span, the ball clicked and danced, gold, silver, and counters sang as they were thrown on to the table.

Brand plucked at Wagner's coat-sleeve. "If you want a bit of fun, follow me."

Wagner looked at him inquiringly.

"I have arranged it," Brand whispered. "That's to say, if you are really keen on the girl."

Richard Wagner slowly rose to his feet. "Have I say I was?" And then he gave a queer croaking laugh. "But I will meet her if you think she will really be egging!"

Brand dug him playfully in the ribs. "That depends on you, old cock. Anyone who can tame her and pay for her can have her. And I guess you can pay!"

Again Mr. Wagner laughed. He followed Brand out of the room down the flight of stairs. Now and again he stroked his stubbly, grey beard thoughtfully. When they reached the entrance-hall he hesitated:

"Perhaps you'll explain?"

Brand looked round as if to make sure they weren't observed. Every action, every movement now was full of mystery.

"We're to meet at the Gardenia Club; she will come on with that fellow Davis later. That drunken fool scared her for the moment, and she is suspicious. But Davis will get her there all right."

They walked a little way down the street arm in arm before calling a taxi-cab. Brand whispered the address to the chauffeur. It took them less than five minutes to get there. Outwardly, there was nothing mysterious in the Gardenia Club. They entered through a small side door, which looked as though it were the entrance to an upper part of a shop. After mounting a flight of stairs another door faced them. Brand gave a quiet knock, a porter opened it, and admitted them.

"I shall have to put you down as an honorary member," Brand explained. "It will cost you a couple of quid."

Wagner produced the money without a murmur. And, mounting another flight of stairs, they opened another door and found themselves in a large ball-room. At the far end was a lounge and a bar, and beyond that they could see a smaller room, lit by cunningly-shaded lights. From a gallery an indifferent band was making indifferent music. On one side of the room huge glass mirrors were let into the wall; on the other side rows of chairs and sofas, where most of the men who should be dancing seemed to be seated for the moment.

"Fun just commencing," Brand said, smacking his lips. "Come on, take a seat."

In the middle of the ballroom, in the full glare of the electric-light, facing the mirrors, five women were dancing. They had fair hair and painted faces, wore rather tawdry evening frocks, long black gloves, and black shoes and stockings.

They were dancing the can-can, with variations!

Brand applauded vigorously, but Richard Wagner

—What did he say to the waiter? It must be something good because the waiter knows him!

yawned. "You take the bun, you do!" the former cried. "I call that a pretty hot bunch, I do. As good as you'll get in Paris, and better!"

Wagner sighed. "How long will we have to wait? Is there anything to be seen?"

Brand laughed aloud. "What more do you want to see, in the name of fortune? The boys just drop in here when all the restaurants and bars are closed. Lots of smart girls come here, though she hasn't ever been; it'll open her eyes a bit."

Richard Wagner rattled some money in his pocket thoughtfully. He kept his face turned to the entrance, as if awaiting the arrival of the girl who had caught his fancy. Brand watched him out of the corners of his piggy eyes.

"I suppose when Miss Trilby comes it will be with Captain Davis? Do you think you could manage to get him away?" Wagner asked.

"I dare say," Brand said slowly. "But, you see, he's looking after her; and she's got a will of her own. Hasn't been tamed yet."

"That's why I'm interested," Wagner admitted. "If she's worth having—well, I can pay!"

And again he rattled the coins in his pocket. The sound fascinated Brand. The old man had a fascination for him, too.

And gradually Wagner took him into his confidence. Brand rubbed his fat hands together as he listened.

"I have taken a fancy to you," the old man admitted. "Besides, I can see you are the sharp fellow. You have discovered the sort of man I am. I like to get things in my own way. And ven I have got a good thing I like to *play mit it!*"

"So do I," Brand chuckled. He was thinking of Joan.

"We might be useful to each others," Wagner whispered. He handed him a card. "Here's my address. Ven anything exciting is going drop me a line, or look me up. Here they come," he said, rising to his feet.

Looking towards the door, Brand saw Trilby and Captain Davis enter. But the girl drew back as if afraid. The two men crossed the room, Brand whispered something to Davis, the latter nodded, shook hands with Wagner, and introduced him to Trilby.

The girl looked at him, drew back, then hesitated, and looked again. Mr. Wagner was staring at her as if he were trying to hypnotise her.

"Haven't we met somewhere before?" he asked. She shook her head.

Taking her arm, he led her towards a divan. "Come and sit down; you are tired."

Brand was whispering to Captain Davis. For a moment Wagner and Trilby were alone.

"I am a stranger here, so are you," the former said, speaking in a whisper. "If the place bores me it will bore you, too. We won't stay long."

"I want to go at once," she cried, half rising. "I didn't know I was coming here. I want to go."

Wagner dragged her back into her seat.

"They will stop you! We will slip away together presently, when no one notices. We shall have to wait a little while, though."

The next moment Brand joined them. "We are going to have a drink," he said, nodding to Davis. "You had better join us."

The band was thumping out a two-step. "Miss Trilby has just promised me this dance," Wagner said. "I will join you later."

Without giving her a chance of refusing Wagner seized her and dragged her into the centre of the room and commenced to dance.

"He's all right," Brand whispered to Davis. "A bit potty, but he's got the dubs; he'll pay for anything he wants. You leave him to me!"

They strolled towards the bar. Meanwhile Mr. Wagner danced. He tore the girl's frock, he trod on her toes twice, he nearly fell. In vain she asked him to stop, but, though he didn't know the rudiments of dancing, he was agile and strong—remarkably agile and strong for an old man. At last, breathless, panting, half-fainting, he led her from the ballroom out on to the stairs.

"Let me sit down, I'm faint," she whispered.

Richard Wagner hurried her downstairs, flung the porter half-a-sovereign, put on his hat, and took out her into the street.

"Breath of fresh air will do you good!"

The next moment she found herself sitting in a taxi-cab the old man holding her down tightly. She tried to scream; putting his face close to hers, he whispered one word in her ear. She looked at him then, fear in the great blue eyes.

"Who are you?"

"Richard Wagner," he replied, with a chuckle. "I collect curios! Trust yourself to me. You are safe here, safer than you would be in that den."

She struggled for a moment, then fell back limply in his arms. She had fainted!

"That's a bit of luck!" Richard Wagner chuckled to himself.

The cab stopped at a small hotel in the Strand. Wagner lifted Trilby out, paid the cabman, and, opening the outer door with his latch-key, dragged the girl into the hall. Then, picking her up in his arms, he carried her upstairs to his room.

Closing and locking the door he laid her on the bed. Opening her eyes she gazed around fearfully.

Almost tenderly Mr. Wagner covered her over with the counterpane. "You are all right; just go to sleep, and don't ask questions."

Switching off the electric-light, he sat at the writing-table by the window and lighting a candle commenced to write a letter.

And presently Trilby slept.

In about a couple of hours dawn slowly rose over the City. Having finished his letter, Richard Wagner sat at the window and watched the night fade. He saw the sky brighten and glow in the East, the spires and windows of the lofty buildings catch fire as the sun rose. When the clocks boomed the hour of eight he rang the bell and ordered a cup of tea. He woke Trilby and made her drink it.

"Now, if you are ready, we'll go home," he said cheerfully.

She looked at him as if she still dreamed. "It is all right; you have had a long sleep. A very long sleep with a nasty dream; you have just got to remember it has only been a dream! All of it. It is no use asking questions, because I shan't answer them. It is no use trying to run away, because I shan't let you."

He took her to the window and flung it open. "Look—the sun has just risen. It is the beginning of a new day. The night has passed, and it doesn't count now. It is the new day that matters. The new day, with its new thoughts, new desires, new ambitions—and its sunshine! So come along."

He led her to the door and downstairs.

"I am afraid," she whispered.

"Of the sunshine?" he smiled. "Nonsense!"

There wasn't a cab in sight, so they walked down Southampton Row. Mr. Wagner entered a florist's that was just opening and bought a bunch of daffodils.

"Sunshine," he whispered, giving them to Trilby.

Undoubtedly Hesketh Brand was right when he said the old man was potty. They found a cab in Holborn and secretively he whispered the address to the chauffeur.

When the cab stopped Richard Wagner got out. But Trilby stopped, a cry of fear escaped her lips, and her cheeks grew scarlet. Wagner dragged her up the steps of a humble little house and rang the bell. He pushed Trilby into the hall, and then pushed a letter into her hands. She held the bunch of daffodils clasped to her bosom.

"Run up, my dear; the first door on the right! I expect you will find breakfast is just ready!"

"Who is that?" a manly voice cried from the top of the banisters.

Richard Wagner slipped out of the hall, hurried down the steps, two at a time, and jumped into the taxi-cab.

The next moment Sally found herself in the arms of her brother, Philip Derwent!

CHAPTER LXXVI. In the Spider's Web.

THE charge-room was a large and cheerless apartment. The only furniture was the sergeant's high stool and his desk, with its imposing array of large and formidable-looking ledgers, one or two hard chairs, a couple of uncomfortable wooden benches, and, standing out from the wall, the small dock in which obstreperous prisoners are placed whilst they are formally charged.

It was to this room, with its stern atmosphere of law and justice, that Joan Lester was escorted by the kindly constable who had rescued her from the motor-bus in the Strand.

When she had recovered from her faint he had suggested calling a taxi-cab to take her to her destination. It was then that she had discovered that, in the misery of her departure, she had taken no money with her.

"If you're going home, miss, you could pay him when you get there," the sympathetic policeman had reminded her when she communicated her omission.

"But I'm not. I—I have no home. I've left the place where I used to live. I can't go back."

Her misery took a new and vigorous hold of her, and she fainted again. The constable hailed a taxi, and, lifting the forlorn girl into it, had driven her to the station in order to find out her relatives.

For some time she had remained unconscious, and kindly hands had laid her gently down upon one of the hard benches upon which they had spread a rug. A folded blue coat had been arranged as a pillow.

She recovered consciousness soon, and, in answer

to the sergeant's question, said that she would be all right in a few minutes, and would rather not see the divisional surgeon.

"Will you give me your name and address, miss, so that I can communicate to your friends to come and fetch you. It was a question she had dreaded and expected; it suggested awful publicity. She was prepared with her answer.

"Thank you very much! If I may rest here for a minute or two longer I shall be quite well enough to go on. I shall be able to take care of myself. I—I don't want to—to—frighten my friends. I feel much better."

She knew that this explanation did not altogether tally with what she had told the policeman in the Strand, but it was the best she could do. She guessed that they would have no power to detain her.

"You'd better just let me send to say where you are, missy," the sergeant had persisted in a gentle, sympathetic voice.

"No, no!" gasped Joan, starting up, her blue eyes wild and dazed, from her hard couch. "You—I—"

Fear and the terrible shock her mind had received were too much for her in her hunger-weakened condition; she swayed a little, and fell back again.

The sergeant bent over her.

"There, she's gone off again!" he muttered to one of the little group of policemen, strangely unfamiliar without their helmets, who had strayed into the room. "Wonder why she won't say 'er name? She'll have to go to the hospital, I s'pose. Unless she's got her name and address in that bag arrangement."

He indicated a little leather bag-purse hanging from the girl's slender waist.

He opened it and went through the contents—a couple of stamps, a handkerchief, a bunch of keys, and a letter. Instinct made him pounce upon the letter. There was no envelope, and he unfolded it, glanced at the signature—"Hesketh Brand"—and the address—"5, Burnage Street"—and the telephone number—"03 Hampstead."

Replacing everything but the letter, he went over to the telephone by his high desk, and rang up the number he had found upon Brand's letter.

And it was the conversation with Brand that followed which had put the latter into such an excellent temper that he gladly forewent the hour at the Oxford that he had promised himself.

The sergeant replaced the receiver. "It's O.K.," he announced to the constable who had brought Joan. "Gentleman coming for her."

He tiptoed heavily across the long, bare room to the form on which Joan was lying in a half-dazed condition. White, blue-veined lids hid the dark-circled eyes; her face was ashen, her pretty, tired mouth was compressed. Every now and then the corners of her lips quivered as though with pain.

"I'll let her be," reflected the sergeant, "until her friend comes for her. She do look bad. Wonder what turned her up like that."

With a low-voiced order to the waiting constable to be as quiet as possible he returned to his desk and buried himself in the evening paper.

Silence reigned, broken only by the rustling of the newspaper and a few disjointed whispered comments by the policemen upon the other long bench.

Presently Joan's eyes opened again and flashed wildly round the large room, and then she remembered where she was, lowered her feet to the floor, and sat up on her bench. Her gloved hands went, with a little, instinctive womanly gesture, to her tumbled fair hair. She took off her plain hat, whilst she smoothed back her soft tresses; then she replaced it and smoothed down her black coat.

"Feeling better, missy?" called out the sergeant from his perch.

"Yes, thank you!" said Joan in a weak, low voice. She leant back again, one elbow on the folded coat and her round chin in the hollow of her hands.

She would wait a minute or two longer, she decided, and then she would go. She must decide now what steps she must take next. Who would trust her and take her in for the night? Could she send a message to Mrs. Cox for her money, and ask Mrs. Cox not to try to find her—that she was safe?

"You'll be all right now," encouraged the sergeant. "We found a letter in your bag, and as you was so bad, I took the liberty of ringing up the gentleman, and he'll be here in a minute or two to take you home."

Joan started, and sat bolt upright, a hard scarlet flooding her white face.

"Ring up? What gentleman? I—don't—What letter?" Her slim, gloved fingers laced and unlaced feverishly. She had forgotten that Brand's letter was still in her purse. She could only think wildly of Philip. Had they rung up Philip at Blenkinsington's? But he wouldn't be there, and Blenkinsington's was shut long ago.

"Mr. Brand—a relation of yours, he said. I'll give you back the letter."

He crossed the room with a firm, measured tread, the letter and the evening paper in his hand.

"There you are! And here's the evening paper, if you like to look at it until your friend comes."

"Thank you!" whispered the weak, pathetic little

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voice. Her heart began to beat violently. Brand was coming—Brand was coming!

"There's a good bit about a wedding," continued the sergeant, in his anxiety to chase away the horror stamped on the young face. "Front page. Here you are! 'An Interrupted Wedding.' All young ladies like weddings. It reads like a bit out of a book or one of them weekly papers."

Joan bent agitated eyes upon the paragraph to which he pointed.

There it was in all the cold horror of black-and-white—a vivid, melodramatic account of the wedding scene. An enterprising reporter had made the most of it, had dwelt upon the murder of the bride's father, for which the bridegroom had been tried and acquitted; the interrupted service; the grim figure of the mysterious visitor, clutched in her hand a paper which, it transpired, was a copy of the marriage certificate of the bride.

"Funny thing for a young girl to do, ain't it?" pursued the sergeant, congratulating himself that he had succeeded at last in rousing Joan from her apathy. "What will happen to her?" queried Joan, her fair head still bent over the paper which trembled in her shaking hands.

"Oh, well, she's had a lucky escape! If this second marriage business had come off—a serious business. Oh, my, you know, might mean a long stretch. Still, it must have been a thorough bad lot!"

The paper slid to the floor, and Joan leant wearily back again.

So that was the view this policeman took! A thorough bad lot! It was the view the world would take! Was it the view Philip would take? The horror of it!

She was afraid, weak and exhausted, and ill, and terrified. The sergeant had hinted that the girl, Joan Derwent, might get a term of imprisonment for attempted bigamy.

Prison! Joan shuddered at the thought. Everybody would know. Philip would know. And nobody would care. In the whole world she believed that the only friend she had was the faithful Mrs. Cox; and her powers of help were limited.

Mr. Jephson—no, he was Philip's friend. She could not apply to him for help. He would help her, she knew that well, but he was so closely associated with Philip, whom she had deceived, that some instinct made it impossible for her to appeal to him.

But Brand was coming, was even now on his way. Brand, who had written that sooner or later she must give in to his wishes. If she gave Brand what she knew he wanted, he would save her from the prison-cell her fevered mind pictured so easily.

Could she? Could she? She, who had so nearly been the wife of Philip Derwent. Was it her fate to become the toy, the plaything of Hesketh Brand?

She could never love again, and Philip Derwent would hate and loathe her now, would despise her thoroughly. It would not matter much to anybody but Mrs. Cox, perhaps, what happened to her now. Nobody would care. Perhaps Hesketh Brand would be good to her, even a little bit sorry for her. Perhaps if she went away with him she would forget Philip Derwent.

Footsteps in the corridor outside.

The glass swing-doors were pushed open, and a policeman entered the room followed by Brand, large and imposing in his big, fur-lined coat, and a silk hat in his well-gloved hand.

He glanced round the room, and, at once approaching Joan, who started up and, with clasped hands, stared fixedly at him.

"My dear girl," he exclaimed in a carefully-pitched voice which he had practised on his way in the taxi, "I'm so very sorry to hear you're seedy!" He turned to the sergeant. "Nothing serious, I hope, sergeant? Merely a little faintness, I suppose?"

"That's it, sir. The young lady fainted in the Strand, and was brought here by the constable on duty. I took the liberty of looking in her bag when she was bad and couldn't give us her address, and found your letter and rang you up at once."

"Quite right!—Excellent!" condescended Brand.

"I'll take her home. I've got a taxi waiting."

"Not home!" gasped Joan. "I—I—don't want to go home!"

"Well, well, we'll go out and get a little bit of dinner in some cosy little snuggery. You look as if you wanted to peek a bit of something." He went over to the sergeant's desk. "I'm much obliged to you for looking after the young lady so well," he said heartily.

"Will you give this to the officer who brought her here? And may I ask you to put this in the Police Orphanage Fund?"

He placed some money on the desk.

"Much obliged, sir! Good evening, missy! Hope you'll soon be yourself again! Good evening, sir! Thank you, sir!"

A constable held open the swing door as, with his fingers lightly and unostentatiously supporting Joan by the arm, Brand led her to the waiting taxi.

"Gamett's restaurant, Oxford Street," he told the driver; and he took his seat beside the girl he had desired for so long.

(Continued on column three.)

Picture Pars

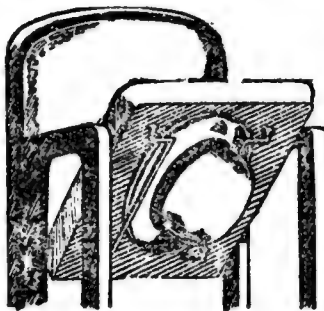
We pay 2s. 6d. for each paragraph accepted for this feature.

We cannot undertake to return unsuitable contributions unless stamped, addressed envelope is inclosed.

A NEW HAT-RACK.

This illustration shows a hat-rack which is fixed under the seats in all American theatres and music-halls, and is so useful that it would be greatly appreciated in similar places here.

It is merely two pieces of wire fixed wide enough



apart to allow a gentleman's hat to be placed between them. The wires being bent so as to hold the brim of the hat.

This hat-rack being fixed on the underside of the seat the hat is nicely out of the way, and there is no fear of it being damaged as

would be the case if it were placed on the floor, which unfortunately seems to be the usual place for hats in English theatres.

AN IMPROVED LINK.

INSTEAD of the usual link A you may often see in chains at docks and wharves the link B.

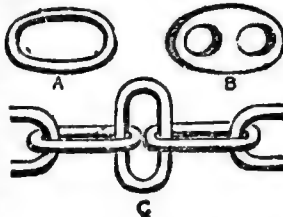
These improved links are not only stronger than

the old type, but are used greatly to prevent the breaking of chains which so often occurs through the open links jamming

as seen in illustration C. When the open links get fastened in this way it is most

difficult to put them right, and with any weight on the chain the jammed link is sure to

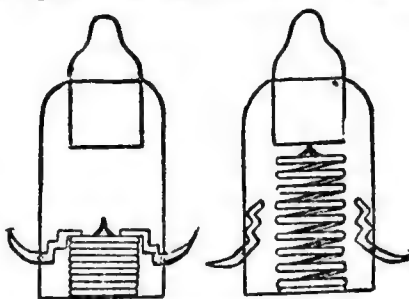
break. It is impossible for the new links to get jammed in this way, thus breakages are obviated.



AN AIRSHIP BULLET.

This illustration depicts a clever and deadly device which has just been invented for use in aerial warfare.

It consists of an explosive shell, and from each side of the outer case two hooks project. These hooks retain a powerful spring in the interior of the shell,

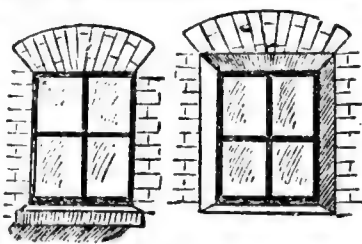


which ends in a sharp point just beneath a block of powerful explosive. This shell is designed so that when it enters the fabric of a balloon or airship envelope, the hooks are jerked backwards, the spring is released and the shell bursts, blowing the aerial craft to smithereens.

TO PLEASE THE EYE.

You have probably noticed that nearly all new houses are built with the windows let back into the wall. A glance at the illustrations here shown will tell you why.

A window built as in the first picture flush with the bricks always gives an unsatisfactory look to the wall it ventilates, but a window let into the side



of the house gives an air of solidity to the thinnest wall. The architect has realised this, and thus the modern house is invariably decorated with a window of this type.

DEAD MAN'S GRIP (continued from col. 1).

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Joan Tells Brand Her Secret.

It was part of the game which Brand was carefully thinking out, that he hardly spoke to Joan until they were seated at a table in a softly-lighted alcove at Gamett's.

He ordered a light and dainty meal, and, in spite of the fact that he himself had already and recently dined, he was able to partake of a second dinner with an excellent appetite, to which perhaps the piquancy of the situation acted as a stimulant.

For months he had fought and plotted to get this slight, bright-haired girl into his power. Once or twice he had seemed on the verge of attaining his desire, and then at the eleventh hour he had been balked of his prey—directly or indirectly—by that lollipop-sucking fool Jephson. And now she was sitting opposite to him in some great trouble obviously. He waited until she had eaten a little food, and, drank some of the champagne he had ordered for her before he tried to make her speak.

At last a faint colour stained the whiteness of her lips and cheeks, the unnatural wildness faded from her eyes, and Brand deemed that the hour was ripe for a little conversation.

"I was very glad you'd kept that letter of mine, although I'm ashamed now that I ever wrote it," he said quietly. "I wonder if you know what it means to me to be able to help you?"

Joan looked up quickly from her chicken. Was Brand sincere? If so, he had changed very much from the man she had dreaded.

"Won't you tell me your trouble?" he went on in the same quiet voice, with an artistic note of sadness in it. "Of course I can see you're in trouble—great trouble—and I thought, perhaps, although I don't want to bother you, that you might like to tell me about it."

Joan's lip quivered for a second.

"I don't want to seem impertinent or inquisitive," went on Brand, "but—well, I can't help wondering whether it's anything to do with Derwent. And I thought, if so, couldn't I help you, Joan? I'm not going to say anything that you don't want to hear. I know now that my own love is hopeless; but I do want you to be happy."

He toyed with a piece of toast, and his eyes were fixed on the table. His whole attitude was that of a man whose one aim is the happiness of the beloved one.

He was acting magnificently, and he knew it.

"It's very good of you!" stammered poor Joan. She did not quite know what to think. The Brand of the past was so mean, so vile, so entirely different from this man with the low, half-sad voice.

"No; it's not goodness," Brand slowly wagged his sleek, large head. "Indeed, I suppose it's really only a subtle form of selfishness, because if you suffer, Joan, I must suffer too." He paused and, stretching out a podgy hand, began slowly to play with the salt, smoothing it very flat with its tiny spoon. "It is Philip, isn't it?"

Had he also seen an evening paper? thought Joan. "You know, then, I suppose?" she asked him, her pathetic blue eyes on his downcast head.

Brand shaded his eyes with his hand, rested his elbow on the table, and decided to find out what he wanted to know by bluff.

"I've heard—rumours, that's all; and rumour often lies. And so I believe nothing—nothing until I hear it from your own lips."

That sounded rather well, he thought, and he shot a stealthy glance through the fat fingers to see how it was impressing Joan.

Since he had heard something, Joan decided that she might as well tell him exactly what had happened, and so make herself right in his mind. Moreover, he was bound to know sooner or later, and if he were really sincere, if, indeed, he reproached himself for his past behaviour, then she would be glad and grateful for his help, and she would appeal to him to find work for her.

"I'll tell you the truth, since you've heard so much," she began slowly. "It was all my fault, from beginning to end. You mustn't blame Philip."

Brand made no comment. He pushed the salt away from him, and assumed an attitude of earnest attention.

"You knew Robert Kirke, didn't you?" asked Joan's soft voice.

Brand nodded. "Very slightly."

There was nothing eager about his face or voice, but at the question his heart seemed to swell with a sort of exultant pride. At last he would find out the mystery of the man who called himself Robert Kirke.

And then it all came out in halting, disjointed, tragic sentences. The story of a girl's mistaken impulse, of the secret marriage which had wrecked her happiness and Philip Derwent's as they stood side by side before the altar.

Silence after the pitiable story. Joan crumbled her toast and waited for Brand to speak.

(Another splendid instalment next week.)



Pincher's Progress

THE CHRONICLES OF A LONDON THIEF.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

PINCHER AT A WHIST DRIVE.

"CARDS," said Pincher solemnly, "cards have been the means of ruining many a good man."

I took no notice, and Pincher repeated the remark in a louder voice.

"Well, what is it?" I said irritably, as I pushed the writing-pad on one side.

"I was statin' a fact," said Pincher with dignity. "It's been proved that—don't you trouble to get up, guv'nor, I'll fetch the whisky."

I had made no move, but knowing the uselessness of protesting, I watched Pincher mix his drink and light a cigar, after which he kindly pushed the tray towards me, and pulling his chair a little closer to the fire sat back with an expression of great content upon his face.

"You mentioned cards just now," I reminded him.

"Yes," said Pincher thoughtfully. "I was thinkin' of a whist drive that I once went to with Bill Emmens. When I tell you it was one of old Bill's great ideas, you'll understand that there was trouble an' excitement hangin' to it."

"Bill had been away in the country for a bit an' I hadn't seen him for some time w'en one afternoon I met him in the Strand just outside the entrance to the Savoy Hotel. He was havin' a lot to say to a foreign chauffeur wot had nearly run over him. From wot I could gather Bill had been daydreamin' an' stepped right in front of the car, but he'll never admit he's in the wrong, an' he hadn't half finished wot he wanted to say w'en a bobby strolled up an' I got him out of the crowd."

"W'en he invited me to have a drink I knew that he wanted me to help him in some sorter scheme, an' w'en we got into a neighbourin' pub he explained that w'en he'd nearly been run over by a motor-car he'd been thinking out the details of a scheme wot had occurred to him the previous night, an' with that he took a carefully folded evenin' paper from his pocket an' showed me an advertisement."

"It was about a whist drive to be held in a hall in North London, one of the regular places for that sort of thing, an' there was a temptin' list of prizes, headed by a forty-guinea gold watch for a gentleman an' a twenty-guinea diamond ring for a lady, together with a lot of other valuable things most of 'em of wot you might call a portable nature."

"Even allowin' for their value havin' been doubled there was no doubt about it being a nice little haul if it could be brought off, so I asked Bill to explain."

"I've thought it all out," he says. "You an' me are goin' there to-night, you as just an ordinary player, me as a police officer."

"Wot sorter disguise are you goin' to wear?" I says.

"Disguise," says Bill, lookin' at me suspicious. "No disguise. I'm just goin' natural."

"Well, guv'nor, I didn't want to offend Bill, an' it was just possible that what players was awful fools, but I didn't think they'd be fools enough to take a man with a face like Bill's for a police officer, but I said nothin' an' Bill went on to explain his scheme."

"His idea was that I should go in as though I were alone an' take a good look round. The prizes were to be on show at one end of the room an' Bill's idea was that he would wait until I was near the table an' then announce that he was a police officer an' that the whole crowd were under arrest for gamblin'."

"There'll be a rare commotion," he said, "an' in the excitement you'll collar all you can, then I shall pounce on you as the ringleader, take the names an' addresses of the others, have a cab called, an' we'll go off just as if we were goin' to the police station."

"Old Bill chuckled an' stood me another drink. Certainly it seemed a rather brainy idea for Bill, 'cos I'd read the police had been down on whist drives lately, so Bill's announcement wouldn't be such a great surprise; but I felt his face would spoil it. I wanted to do the police officer act, but old Bill evidently fancied himself as a sorter Sherlock Holmes, an' he said that I was quicker in movin' than he was an' would therefore be able to get hold of a bigger amount of stuff in a short space of time."

"Well, guv'nor, there wasn't much time to argue as the show was that night (Bill had been on his way to my diggin' in Bloomsbury w'en I met him), so I agreed, an' that evenin' we set out for the hall together, separat'ly just before we got there. I paid a shillin' an' entered the hall; big place it was, set out with a

lot of little tables, an' I was lookin' at the prizes, choosin' those I'd take, w'en I heard one of the tables fall with a crash an' I knew Bill had come in.

"Six polite men went to pick it up, an' one of 'em trod on Bill's hand as he was gropin' about for the arrangement wot fastened the legs at the bottom. I got there just in time to dig Bill in the ribs so as to remind him of the part he'd got to play or he'd have been chucked out before the show started."

"As a whist player I wasn't wot you might call a success, guv'nor. At the first table I had a smart gal as partner, an' I did manage to take a trick, but luck didn't last, an' w'en at one table I happened to trump my partner's trick through thinkin' about that forty-quid gold watch, the old gal got so excited that I was very glad to get away."

"Then just as I sat down at a table near the prizes Bill jumped up."

"Ladies an' gentlemen," he says, "I'm a police officer. Gamblin' is goin' on here, an' I must trouble you for your names an' addresses."

"I was just makin' for the table where the prizes were when a burly man jumped to his feet."

"Seize that man, he's an impostor!" he cried. "I'm a police officer myself observin' this place under instructions."

"Bill knocked down a meek little man wot approached him quite politely then he dashed to the wall an' the next moment the place was in darkness, women were screamin', tables were fallin' over, and I was tryin' to find my way to the prizes."

"Then a police whistle rang out an' I knew that the burly man was wot he claimed to be. I went cold all over, guv'nor, for if the police came to the place everyone would be regarded with suspicion, an' I knew it would be all up with me. I cannoned against an old cove wot was usin' awful language, as someone had trodden on his gouty foot. Women were yellin' for the police an' I knew the 'tec must be gropin' about to find the electric light switch."

"Then my eyes began to get used to the darkness. I spotted the table with the prizes an' swept all I could into my pockets. Some fool struck a match just as I did so, but the next moment I was clear from the table an' makin' a dash for the door."

"Stop him!" yells the 'tec, who spotted me. 'He's an accomplice."

"I landed the blighter with the matches one in the jaw just as his match went out an' he was about to strike another. How I got to the door I don't know, but everyone was catchin' hold of each other an' there was the finest old muddle you ever saw."

"I know I found a door, an' quick as lightnin' I opened it an' slipped in, then I barked my shins against a pail, an' a broom caught me an awful whack on the head. In a flash I saw I'd made an error an' got into a cupboard, an' I was just goin' to open the door again, w'en I 'card a shout, a light shone through a crack in the door, an' the 'tec was shoutin' to someone not to allow anyone to leave the hall."

"Lor, guv'nor, I stood in that cupboard tremblin' all over, not darin' to move an inch in case I kicked a pail or somethin' an' attracted attention. I knew



"W'en I heard one of the tables fall with a crash I knew Bill had come in."

the police must have arrived. I heard the proprietor yellin' that he'd been robbed, an' every moment I dreaded that some fussy bobby would open the door of the cupboard."

"It seemed hours before things became quiet, an' I was ready to drop, my head was achin' where the

blanked broom had hit me, an' the knowledge that I was locked up in the bloomin' hall wasn't wot you might call cheerin'. More dead than alive I crept out of the cupboard, which was evidently the place where the caretaker kept her pails an' brooms, an' then after workin' off the stiffness I looked round for a means of escape. It was no use tryin' to open the doors without proper tools, for they were locked from the outside, but I pulled a chair up to one of the windows an' saw it was about a six-feet drop into an alleyway beside the hall, so very careful I opened the window, lowered myself out an' dropped."

"I don't know whether it was that I hadn't judged the distance right or whether I dropped careless. All I know I came an awful cropper. I felt that every bone in my body was broken an' I had no wind left in me. All the way home I dreaded bein' stopped, an' I was



"I landed the blighter with the matches one in the jaw just as his match went out."

wonderin' wot had happened to Bill Emmens. I found I'd smashed the gold watch in my fall an' that the diamond ring was set with the cheapest stones, an' that we'd be lucky if we got a fence to give us a couple of quid for the lot."

"Then in the mornin' Bill turned up. By wonderful luck he'd blundered straight for the door an' slipped out, gettin' clear away before the police arrived. He was relieved to find I hadn't been caught, but w'en he heard about the watch he carried on awful, but w'en I told him that not even a innocent little child would take a man with a face like his for bein' a police officer, he had to admit that he'd made a mistake."

"It was smart on your part to switch off the light," I said, as we figured out how much we should have to draw."

"Bill grinned in a sickly sorter way."

"I didn't do it," he said. "It was a smug-faced-lookin' cove wot evidently saw a opportunity to make a bit, but he got there after you, Pincher, an' unless he was wise enough to leave the other things alone he'll get the full credit for this little job in a way he won't like."

"I tell you, guv'nor, card playin' has a bad effect on the moral system."

(Another of Pincher's Yarns shortly.)

POOR FATHER.

LITTLE BOY (who has just seen his mother dismiss the servant for staying away from home the previous night five or six hours without leave): "Mamma, wasn't it very wrong of Mary to stay out so late?"

Mamma (indignantly): "Yes, Charlie, and very impudent, too, she was. But I won't keep such a person in my house."

Little Boy: "When are you going to dismiss father?"

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

This is a very popular device for distributing gifts among the loyal readers of "P.W."

It is not a competition; there is no entrance fee. All you have to do is just simply to carry about with you—in the street, in the train, on a bus or tram—your usual copy of "Pearson's Weekly" and wait till you are spotted by one of the many representatives of "P.W." who are all over the country.

Having seen you carrying a copy of the current issue of the paper, our representative will quietly hand you a postcard, ready stamped, and addressed to the Editor of "P.W." in London. On this postcard is a long list of gifts, and all you have to do is just to place a tick against the gift you prefer, write your name and address in the space provided, and drop the postcard in the nearest pillar-box.

A morning or so later, the gift you have selected will arrive at your address with the compliments of the Editor. Already hundreds of readers have received gifts in this manner, and a big list of winners appears on page 956. So

Carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.

Now spring is here the Fighting Editor is going strong.

THE WORLD'S BEST STORIES.

A Batch of Personals

Chuck Him Out.

A VERY funny thing happened in connection with the annual public meeting of the Liverpool Sunday School Union the other day.

The programme of the meeting was headed: "49TH ANNUAL PUBLIC MEETING. Chairman: Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of Liverpool (J. S. Harwood Banner, Esq., M.P.)."

After that the programme went on to announce that a hymn would be sung. The hymn was called "Fling out the Banner!"

Lacking in Modesty.

JUDGE RENTOUL told a story against himself at the annual dinner of the Glamorgan Society in London recently.

Once he went to a Welsh constituency to "tell the voters what they ought to do." He spoke first, and in English, all the subsequent speakers using Welsh as the medium of their thoughts. As a matter of policy he applauded strongly whenever there was a clap among the audience, although he could not understand a single word that was said.

"I learned afterwards," said Judge Rentoul, "that every time I had applauded a speaker it was when he had paid a strong personal compliment either to myself or my speech."

Did She Take It?

WHILE the discussion is going on as to whether men should give up their seats to women in crowded trams, along comes an appropriate little story from Paris.

A little French boy had been taught that a gentleman must never remain seated when ladies are standing. One day, in a carriage on the crowded Metropolitan Railway, he was sitting on his father's knee, when a pretty girl came into the compartment.

Immediately the polite little boy jumped down, took off his cap, and said: "If you please, mademoiselle, will you take my place?"

Put an "O" in Batch.

A WELL-KNOWN man has been complaining that a journalist who came to interview him misrepresented his real views on the problems discussed.

He says the journalist in question reminds him of the story of the newly-married lady who would persist in baking fearful and wonderful cakes that her unfortunate husband was compelled to eat.

"I made a big batch of these cakes to-day," she said to her husband after dinner.

"Indeed you did, my dear," her husband commented sadly.

"Why, how do you know I made a big batch?" she cried in surprise.

"Oh, was it batch you said?" her husband exclaimed.

A Little of Each.

At the O.P. Club the other day Dr. Rapperport told an anecdote which is worthy of repetition. A lady whom he met told him that in her opinion every woman resembled a fruit, one being an apple, the next a pear, another a peach, and so on.

"What is your favourite fruit, doctor?" she asked.

"Madame," Dr. Rapperport replied, "I like best a fruit-salad."

Bison or Basin?

THERE has been some discussion recently on the subject of Cockney pronunciation, and in connection therewith a London School Inspector tells this story:

The poor children from a Lambeth school had been to the Zoo, and the Inspector who called soon after questioned the kiddies about their adventures.

"Did you see the elephants?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," they replied loudly.

"And the hippopotamus?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," they shouted again.

"And did you see the bison?" he continued.

There was a puzzled silence. The question was repeated. "Did you see the bison?" Again the puzzled look, till one boy asked: "Please, sir, do you mean the bison wot they drinks aht of?"

Compensation for Loss.

ONE of the Irish Members of Parliament is telling this story:

An old peasant and his wife were discussing the "natural law of compensation."

"Just fancy!" exclaimed Bridget; "accordin' to this paper, whin a man loses wan av 'is sinse, another gits more developed. For instance, a blind man gits more sinse av hearin' an' touch."

"Sure, an' it's quite true!" interrupted Pat. "O'iv'e noticed it myself. Whin a man has one leg shorter than the other, begorra, the other's longer."

The Way Out.

MR. ALFRED LESTER is in the middle of a successful tour of the Stoll music-halls with his newest sketch, *The Village Fire Brigade*, probably the funniest thing he has ever appeared in.

The other evening while making-up he told one or two good stories.

One of them is about an actor who was caught in a shower of rain. He hailed a four-wheeler, there being no taxis about, and told the man to drive him to a certain restaurant. On the way he discovered that he had forgotten to put his purse in his pocket. What was to be done? A few minutes' hard thinking suggested a solution. On reaching his destination the actor got out of the cab and said to the driver: "Will you please give me a match? I have dropped a half-sovereign on the floor of the cab."

Instantly the cabman whipped up his horse and soon disappeared round the next corner.

A Curious Family.

ANOTHER of Mr. Lester's stories is about an inquisitive Yankee who asked another man he met in a railway carriage a number of more or less impertinent questions concerning his business, the object of his journey, and so on. Finally he wanted to know whether the traveller had a family.

"I have a wife and five children," was the answer, "but I have never seen one of them."

The surprised Yankee puzzled over the reply in silence for a few seconds. "Were you ever blind?" he asked curiously.

"No, sir," was the reply.

"You have a wife and five children," persisted the Yankee, "and have never seen one of them? Now, how can that be?"

"Easy enough," answered the traveller calmly. "I've been away from home for a week, and one of them was born yesterday."

Nothing Doing.

THIS story is being told of a famous theatrical manager and a still more famous artist.

The manager called on the artist one day and asked him to paint a curtain for his theatre.

"Have you ever seen any of my pictures?" asked the painter.

"No," was the answer, "but that's not the question. You are famous, and it's your name I want. It will be a good advertisement."

"What is the size of the curtain?" asked the painter, who saw humorous possibilities in the situation.

The manager told him the size, and the painter went on: "Let me think for a moment. I wish to work out a couple of little sums in my head."

The manager waited impatiently. Then the painter said: "My pictures sell at an average price of over seven hundred pounds per square yard. Your curtain will work out at something a little under two hundred thousand pounds. I should be delighted to undertake the work at that price were it not for a second consideration. When working at my highest speed I require six months to complete a canvas of one foot square. Thus you may expect to have your curtain in about a hundred years. Do you accept my conditions?"

There was no answer. The manager was already half-way down the stairs!

A FREE PRESCRIPTION THAT IS WORTH FIVE GUINEAS.

"I FULLY ENDORSE WHAT OTHERS SAY OF IT."

A lady's thanks: "If you had suffered from severe headache with Neuralgia and Neuritis as I have done, you would be equally grateful for information that was the means of curing me, especially as it was free. I fully endorse every word others have written of this wonderful prescription. If such information was always given to the public gratis, what a blessing it would be to many sufferers from chronic pain."

"The prescription can be filled by any chemist. Ask yours for 60 grains of Kephaldol in tablet form. Instant relief will be obtained by taking two tablets and one at intervals of an hour will soon cure your pain, whether in the nerves or of rheumatic origin. It's guaranteed to do this."

BOX FREE

(ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY.)

OXIEN for Heart Troubles.



If you have any indications of functional Heart Disease, such as Palpitation, Tobacco Heart, Shortness of Breath, Dizziness, Fullness in the Throat, Anæmia, Pains around the Heart or under the left shoulder, allow us to send you a Free Supply of Oxién, sufficient for one week's trial, together with an illustrated treatise on the heart, and testimonials from people who

have been cured. Send no stamps. Package in plain wrapper.

THE GIANT OXIE CO., Ltd. (Dept. 6G), 8 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.



SOVEREIGNS MADE AT HOME.

Reliable persons will be provided with profitable home work on *Auto-Knitters* by hosiery manufacturers. Experience unnecessary; distance immaterial. Write at once, enclosing 1d. stamp for postage, to GENZ. WHEELER & CO. (Dept. 12), 52 Belvoir St., Leicester.



Mr. Geo. R. SIMS.

THE splendid significance of the Romany word *Tatcho* (which Mr. Geo. R. Sims, its illustrious discoverer, named his Hair Grower) is fully and faithfully lived up to in the proud product—worthy inheritor of a worthy name, which has changed despair into joy in a hundred thousand cases—*Tatcho*, the Hair Grower. Nothing but sheer merit, full worthiness, and utter genuineness, has placed and holds *Tatcho* where it finds itself to-day—the one reliable Hair Grower, trusty, honest, genuine.

THE HAIR-GROWER—

Tatcho

Clematis and Stores everywhere, 1/-, 2/6, and 4/6.

TATCHO LABORATORIES,

5 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London.

Who Pays the Wedding Bill?

The Bridegroom and the Bride's Father Are Heavily Hit.

A WEDDING, although a joyful event, is also an expensive one; but everyone concerned takes a hand in the various expenses, and this is how they are divided up amongst the assembled company.

The guests, of course, have given wedding-presents to the happy couple, and, having done so, their troubles are over, which is more than can be said for the chief actors in the ceremony. The bridegroom, for instance, will have to consider the subject of the first sketch, and betake himself to a florist's to buy a bouquet for his bride, also one for each of the bridesmaids. He also gives each of these ladies a present, which is duly mentioned in any account of the wedding that may appear in the Press.

Meanwhile, the bride herself will have been deeply occupied with the subject of her trousseau for many weeks beforehand; and, having spent all she can afford on this, she must not overlook our second drawing, in which, you will observe, she is giving the bridegroom a wedding gift. This also will be mentioned by the local reporter in his account of the ceremony.

Whether the wedding is to be a big or a small affair, it is certain that the guests will have to be conveyed to the church and back again to the reception afterwards. Therefore, as many carriages or motor-cars as may be necessary must be provided, and these will be paid for after the manner of the third illustration. That is to say, the father of the bride will have to pay for the carriages which convey the wedding-party to and from the church; but the bridegroom must provide and pay for his own carriage.

A glance at the fourth sketch will show that we



The bridegroom pays for bouquets for the bride and bridesmaids—



—But he receives a present from the bride.



All the carriages which take the party to church are paid for by the bride's father—except the bridegroom's vehicle. The groom pays for this himself.

are attending a wedding where the church has been decorated; and the cost of these decorations is defrayed by the bride's father. The service, again,

may be choral, with full choir, as shown in the last drawing; but if this be so, the bridegroom is the man who must pay. He also pays the parson; but he probably does so through his best man, giving him the money beforehand.

To translate Cupid into actual cash along the lines above indicated, it will be necessary for you to arrange the figures according to the length of your purse, since weddings can be arranged to order.

The ordinary fee for your "marriage lines," however, is 2s. 7d.; while, if you can afford it, a guinea for the parson and 5s. for the clerk are also very usual fees. A fine bouquet for the bride can be obtained for 25s., while less than half that sum will procure a decent bridesmaid's bouquet. If your reception is to be "done" by caterers, a very good show should be made by a decent firm for 5s. per head.

But the wedding is an elastic function, and if these prices are too stiff, you can make arrangements upon a more modest scale. But from what has been said you can at least gather who has to pay for what!

COULDN'T WAIT.

"SAY, are you the boy I sent with a letter about three weeks ago?"

Boy: "Yes, sir."

"Well, why didn't you bring the answer back?"

Boy: "You told me to wait for a reply, and they told me that the man won't be home until next spring."

WIFE (dining at restaurant): "John, dear, can you see what those people at the next table are eating?"

Husband: "Can't see at all, but it sounds like celery!"

MISS HOMELEIGH: "Perhaps you won't believe it, but a strange man tried to kiss me once."

Miss Cutting: "Really? Well, he'd have been a strange man if he'd tried to kiss you twice."

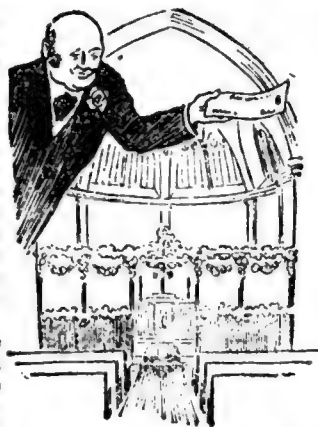
"Does my boy," inquired the parent, "seem to have a natural bent in any one direction?"

"Yes, sir," said the teacher. "He gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets the other boys to do all his work for him."

"DISHES FRA' YORKSHIRE."

If you are getting tired of using the same old recipes, week in, week out, you should try some of the genuine, old-fashioned, north-country dainties. "Dishes Fra' Yorkshire" is the title of one of the leading articles in the March number of HOME COOKERY, now on sale at 1d. The instructions are given by a certificated teacher of cookery, so you can rely on their being quite clear and plain.

This number also includes, among a host of good things, a special article with pictures illustrating every stage in the making of delicious marzipan sweetmeats, and recipes for Eastertide dishes. It is a splendid pennyworth.



The bride's father also has the pleasure of paying for all church decorations.



Choir, clergyman, and any little sums that may arise are paid for by the bridegroom, who hands the money over to the best man.

Our Knowledge Tests

Six More Half-guineas Offered to Readers this Week.

DO YOU KNOW THESE SIX PHRASES?

1. A Long Jenny.
2. Obiter Dictum.
3. Black Monday.
4. As Poor as a Church Mouse.
5. Bee in One's Bonnet.
6. Fourierism.

They are everyday expressions, and I want you to explain them. I will give six half-guineas for the explanations considered the clearest and best.

First of all write the word or phrase you choose on the back of a postcard, and put your explanation in as short and precise a way as you can—in any case, you must not exceed fifty words—and sign your name and address in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.

You may send in your explanation of all the six if you like, but each must be written on a separate postcard.

Address your postcard to the "Test" Editor, Pearson's Weekly, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and post it to arrive not later than Tuesday, March 18th. You may send all your postcards for this competition in one envelope, provided it is addressed as above.

AWARDS IN CONTEST No. 118.

(1) OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.

The winning explanation was contributed by Miss R. Page, 175 Malnesbury Road, Bow, E., who gained the prize of 10s. 6d. for the following:

The Bank of England in Threadneedle Street. The temporary stopping of cash payments by the Bank in 1797 provided the subject of a cartoon entitled "The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street in Danger," whence the familiar name given to the Bank of England.

(2) QUIT RENT.

P. E. Bex, Gwynant, Lion Road, Berley Heath, Kent, supplied the winning definition in the following terms:

A relic of feudalism, when the holders of land on a Manor were bound to render various services to the Lord of the Manor. In course of time a custom arose of paying a rent for the privilege of being "quit" of all services.

(3) THE ROARING FORTIES.

The prize in this contest was awarded to G. Prier Jones, 24 Church Street, Beaumaris, Anglesey, for the explanation which follows:

In the Southern Hemisphere, where there are no great masses of land, the regular north-west winds blow with such steadiness and force between latitude 40 degrees and 50 degrees that they are known as "The Roaring Forties." Their scientific or geographical name is "The N.-W. Anti-trade-winds."

(4) DOMESDAY BOOK.

The explanation considered the best was received from P. B. Lemon, Laburnum Villas, East Boldon, co. Durham, and was thus expressed:

This is the record of a statistical survey of thirty-four English counties made by Royal authority in 1086, and is of great historical value. The title originates from the Saxon word "dōm," meaning "judgment," as all legal decisions respecting land, its value and tenure, were founded on its contents.

(5) THE GOOSE STEP.

For the explanation which follows the prize of half-guinea has been awarded to H. J. Warren, Corporal 1st Devon Regiment, Clarence Barracks, Portsmouth.

An exercise taught to the recruit on enlistment to insure the correct balancing of the body during the performance of the "Slow" march on ceremonial parades. Called "The Goose-step" from the ability of the goose to balance its body alternately on each leg whilst slowly moving.

(6) OPEN SESAME.

This phrase was best defined by the prizewinner, C. Hanson, 124 Cathedral Road, Cardiff, who wrote as follows:

The magic formula which opened the door of the Robbers' Cave in "The Forty Thieves," a story in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment." Without this spell the door remained shut. In modern usage it implies a ready means of solving a difficulty, a key to unlock doors and to penetrate mysteries.

—For the five best drawings I will give Stylo Pens. Mark postcards "Fight." (See page 932.)

"TELL me," said Judge Edge to an applicant for a bailiff's certificate, "what do you do when you get an authority to distrain for rent?"

"If the rent were not forthcoming when I asked for it," answered the applicant, "I should take an inventory of the goods and leave a copy with the tenant. After the expiration of five clear days, if the rent and expenses were not paid, I should take the goods to an auction-room, first of all giving notice to the tenant of the place and time of sale. After the sale, I should render an account."

"You've been well drilled," cut in the Judge. "I grant the certificate."

Seeing that executions for rent happen almost every day in every big town in the country, it might be supposed that every householder and every house-owner would be acquainted with the law on the subject. As a matter of fact, the case is very different. Comparatively few people know anything of the details of the law of landlord and tenant, and examples of this ignorance are constantly cropping up in the courts.

That bailiffs themselves don't always know the law of their profession was proved some time ago at Worship Street.

Breaking In Is Barred.

The defendant, a certificated bailiff, was accused of illegal distraint on the property of a man living in Finsbury. He declared that he "found the door open—that is," he explained, "I turned the handle, shook it, and the door came open."

"I am certain I locked the door on going out!" said the tenant.

"It doesn't matter if you did!" retorted the bailiff. "The law is that I can force an entrance once I have gained the outer door."

"The law is nothing of the kind!" interrupted the magistrate sharply. "It is monstrous that a

Away with the Windows



Odd Points of Landlord Law Which Everyone Ought to Know.

"Very unpleasant in this weather," said the magistrate, "but although he cannot turn you out in less than three weeks, he is quite within his rights so far as the windows are concerned."

Pulled the House to Pieces.

Not only can a landlord take out windows and doors, and in other ways make life unendurable for a recalcitrant tenant, he can go further and pull the whole house down piece-meal. This was actually done at East Sheen. Orders were given for the demolition of a cottage in the Upper Richmond Road, but the family living there claimed that they had been installed as caretaker, rent-free, for a year, and refused to move.

On Friday, at nine in the morning, the contractor's men pulled the tiles off the roof; next day they demolished the wash-house and cut the water off. Sunday was a day of truce, but on Monday the besiegers carried off cistern and sink and range, and the occupants were forced to abandon their home.

A tenant will sometimes give notice to give up possession, and then fail to carry out his agreement. In this case, the landlord may serve a notice demanding double rent, and this may be distrained for in the usual way.

Ignorance of the law of fixtures is always causing trouble. Shrubs and trees, for instance, planted by a tenant, may not be removed by him when he leaves. Yet you will often hear people declare that the rule may be evaded by "washing the roots" of the plants they dig up, so as not to take away any part of the soil in which they have grown. This is a delusion which it is well to contradict.

man like you should oppress the poor!"

In order to break in, a bailiff must obtain an order from a magistrate.

Only the other day, a woman complained to the Willesden magistrate that her landlord had removed all the windows from her house because she refused to leave.

THIS SENSATIONAL NEW BOOK

SHOULD BE IN THE HANDS OF EVERY
ADULT—MARRIED AND UNMARRIED.

The event of the publishing season, so far as Health and Purity are concerned, is the publication of the standard work on Marriage, by Mr. A. Dennison Light. Its appearance at the present moment is especially timely, in view of the startling evidence given before the Royal Commission on Divorce.

Mr. Light has already made his fame as a vigorous, original, and unflinching writer on these subjects, but in his "Marriage: Before—and After," he has surpassed all his former efforts, and achieved his masterpiece.

"Marriage: Before—and After," is a splendid piece of work, which every man or woman already married or contemplating marriage should read.

Writing in the most direct and plain-spoken manner, and scorning all prudish notions of unhealthy modesty, the author deals with the great subject of Marriage in the most comprehensive and fascinating manner, giving to his readers, whether male or female, invaluable information, hints, and advice impossible to obtain elsewhere.

The necessity of such a book as this has long been felt. The subject of Marriage lies at the very foundation of the national well-being, and the union of a man and a woman "for better or worse" is the most important event in the life of any individual, the climax of human existence. Upon its results depend the future of the race and the happiness of the individuals concerned.

Such an event demands, therefore, the most careful preparation on the part of those who contemplate entering into the state of matrimony.

It also demands that those men and women already married should take steps to ascertain the very best course to pursue after marriage. They cannot find these things out for themselves. They must rely upon the experience of others, experience always difficult to get on so delicate a subject as this.

"Marriage: Before—and After" tells you all you want to know about these most important matters.

It contains the accumulated knowledge of the best brains in the world on this question, knowledge hitherto unobtainable except in very expensive medical works.

It shows how in young men thoughtlessness and want of knowledge is responsible for untold matrimonial misery. It shows also how ignorance in the case of young women, too, has led to unspeakable suffering and home-wrecking disasters. And it helps you to avoid all these troubles.

Skillfully the author guides his readers past the treacherous snares and pitfalls that lie about the path of the unwary wedded, and shows how they can be avoided, and marital comfort and enjoyment greatly increased.

HOW TO INCREASE MARITAL HAPPINESS AND ENJOYMENT.

He explains also how the result of following certain rules is seen in better home life, healthier offspring, and enhanced happiness.

For obvious reasons the complete contents of this book cannot be summarised here. In the following short synopsis some of the most important and valuable parts of this work are necessarily left out. But enough remains to give you some idea of what this great book is like, and by sending to the address below you can read the whole work from first to last in your own private time.

Here is just the bare outline of what this book is—the skeleton stripped, as it were, of its flesh.

CHAPTER I.—The future of the child.—Dreadful omens.—Purpose of Author.

CHAPTER II.—Age at which to marry.—Result of early and late marriages.—The ripeness of a woman.—Physical signs.—Disorderly living.—Religion and marriage.—Law of choice.—Physical attributes in parents.—Love.—False love.—How not to be misled.—Women who break hearts.—Advice.—When not to marry.

CHAPTER III.—Amateurism: its use and abuse.—Wrong habits.—Concealment.—After marriage.—Useful information for the married.

CHAPTER IV.—Important Physiological Facts.—Hints for those who wish to be good parents.—The father's influence.—Hints for women, etc. (A most valuable chapter this, which all married people ought to read.)

CHAPTER V.—Mainly about the Baby and nursing.

CHAPTER VI.—The law of the Husband.—The husband's duty, etc.

CHAPTER VII.—The law of the Wife.—The wife's duty.—Marital Rights, etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—Subjects of which more might be said.

This wonderfully interesting and informative book ought to be read and studied by every young man and young lady engaged to be married, as well as by those who are already married. Married men and women must read this book, and those contemplating marriage ought to read it.

Write, then, for this book now. Seldom have delicate subjects been dealt with in so sensible, uncompromisingly a way.

There is no shuffling or beating about the bush here, but a straightforward explanation of matters usually kept secret, an explanation which everyone can follow and understand, and which gives the most valuable assistance to all married couples and to all who are hoping to shortly merge their destinies into another's.

The demand for copies of this book has been so enormous that we are scarcely able to print quickly enough, and the danger is that the fourth edition will be sold out within a few days.

Make sure of getting your copy, then, by writing for it now. Fill up this coupon and post it off. By return this book will be sent you under plain cover.

COUPON.

Pearson's Weekly, No. 153

To the Health and Vim Publishing Co.,

109 Vin House, 73 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

Dear Sirs,

I enclose 1s. 3d. Please send me post free by return one copy of "Marriage: Before—and After."

NAME

ADDRESS

ALMOST unknown to dwellers in the larger towns, there are some thousand or fifteen hundred actors, actresses, and musicians, known as Barn Stormers, who night after night, year in and year out, afford recreation to thousands of hardy toilers who, for some reason or other, are unable to visit the larger theatres in London or the provinces.

Scattered all over the kingdom, these portable theatres—temporary wooden erections—are more frequently met with in the colliery districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and South Wales. In these places the advent of the travelling theatre is hailed with glee. Usually a fortnight is long enough to establish a friendship between these actors and actresses and their audience. Each member has his or her own particular admirers, who occasionally show their interest in a somewhat embarrassing manner.

Playing one night to a crowded house in *Streets of London*, I had to deliver a speech benumbing my unhappy condition. With all the pathos I could command I informed the audience that I was houseless, penniless, and starving, when suddenly, to my horror, a voice, which I recognised as my landlady's, was heard to exclaim:

"Never thee mind, lad, there's plenty of fish and chips for thee at home!"

Actors Put Up The Building.

Generally averaging in size from sixty feet by thirty feet to a hundred by forty, these humble theatres seat from four hundred to fifteen hundred people.

Comfortably and snugly arranged inside, nothing but wood and canvas is used, and yet an outbreak of fire is almost unknown. Erecting the theatre occupies from three to four days, and is undertaken by the company—actors and musicians, under the direction of a "building master."

With their unshaven chins, wearing the oldest of clothes, their grimy hands and faces, it is hard to recognise in these amateur navvies the dashing "leading man," the oily "villain," or the refined "juvenile gentleman," when they appear on the stage in all the glory of well-cut clothes, wigs, and grease-paint. Hail, rain, or snow, they work

Carry your Theatre, Sir



What the Life of a Modern Barn Stormer—or Travelling Actor—is Like. By ONE.

for rehearsal. A five-act drama, a rollicking farce, music tried over by the orchestra—all this in about two hours!

Saturday night is invariably the great night of the week. Generally packed almost to suffocation, it is not long before the audience is worked up to a state of nervous excitement, which at odd times seems to infect the actor, causing him to make terrible "bloomers." Once during a performance of *Buffalo Bill*, the hero Bill had been trapped by his mortal enemy, an Indian chief, Arrowhead.

"I Will Cut Your Throat."

Bound and disarmed, he pleads with the chief to be released from his bonds, to which request Arrowhead should have replied:

"Give me your word, great white chief, that you will not attempt to escape, and I will cut your ropes."

Buffalo Bill was somewhat staggered when Arrowhead actually burst out: "Give me your word, great white chief, that you will not escape, and I will cut your throat!"

Occasionally the unrehearsed effects are not of the humorous order. A pathetic incident happened during a performance of *East Lynne*.

Lady Isabel had just finished the act where her little son Willie Carlyle dies without recognising his mother, who, as the curtain falls, sobs out brokenly: "Dead! My little Willie dead, and never called me mother."

As she retired to her dressing-room amidst enthusiastic demands for a recall, a telegram was handed her informing her that her son, an only child of six, had died suddenly in the hospital.

Strangely enough, her boy's name was Willie. If sympathy is consoling, her consolation was great, for during the rest of her stay in the town nothing could equal the kindness shown to this poor Barn Stormer.

through it all, for the bill³ are out advertising the theatre to open on a certain date, and by that time everything must be spick and span, for a dirty or incomplete opening night often ruins a season.

The finishing touches having been put to the building, the company assemble the next morning



Kings and Queens of Cinema

AUGUSTUS CARNEY.
Known the World Over as "Alkali Ike."

A DIMINUTIVE figure, garbed in Western "chaps," a Western sombrero, and wear-

ing a general Western air: such is Augustus Carney, famous the world over in his character of "Alkali Ike" in the popular Western comedies of the Essanay Film Company.

Ike was born in "Ould Ireland," and was brought over to California by an uncle at the age of sixteen. His relative owned a rancho out there, and young Carney stayed with him for five years, till he was twenty-one.

Then he crossed the continent to New York, where a touch of the brogue got him a comic part in a stock theatrical company. He became, in short, a stage Irishman.

He forsook this to act in pictures, and for the last three years he has been playing cowboy dramas out in the wilds.

Ike Lives on a Rancho.

How does he like it? "Very much indeed," replies Ike enthusiastically. "It's fine, working out of doors. Plenty of fresh air and exercise! Some scenes, of course, are interiors. But these are filmed in a studio that is so lofty and open that being inside it makes but little difference. I live on a rancho near by, just the distance of a nice horseback ride."

Ike has some amusing stories to tell about his adventures while posing for the camera. One of these concerns the fair Sophie ("Ike's gal") and himself. They were acting a cowboy drama in a rocky defile in California. Ike was the villain, Sophie was the persecuted heroine.

She was screaming for all she was worth, for Alkali was a wild and whirling bandit, and he had his revolver pointed at her head. All went well until Alkali heard a deep, bass voice exclaim, "Guess I hev you covered, stranger, an' if yew don't jest let go ov that air young gal P. D. Q., I'll plug yew sure sartain!"

A Six-Shooter at Too Close Quarters.

The startled Ike looked round. Sure enough a burly ranchman was peering over a cactus hedge, a six-shooter in his hand, and a determined look on his face. Alkali tried to explain, and Sophie stopped screaming and started to smile, but the revolver was not lowered until the actor pointed out the operator filming the scene from the shadow of an adjacent clump of cotton-wood trees.

Then the scene had to be taken all over again, while the ranchman made an interested spectator. "Darned realistic—that hold-up, I guess," was his final comment.

Alkali does not mind taking risks. In fact, he rather enjoys it. Bucking bronchos have no terrors for him, and he feels quite at home riding at full gallop down the slope of a canyon as steep nearly as the side of a house, with the sheriff's posse in full pursuit.

Once, however, they set him to ride a motor-cycle, with Sophie on the tandem saddle. "That did it," explained Ike, in relating the occurrence. "The pesky critter hadn't never bin broke proper, I reckon. It was a roarer, and no mistake. First it bucked this way, then it jumped that. Sophie yelled, I got flurried, and stroked the darned thing the wrong way."

"We Whizzed Into The Water."

"Then it jest give an extra loud snort or two and a buck jump, and afore I knew what had happened we wuz headin' straight for the Santa Clara river at a forty mile an hour gait."

"That was the only time I ever finished a picture with the girl. In all the other films some galoot or other is bound to take her from me. Manager Anderson will have it so. But this time he jest didn't have no say in the matter at all."

"The machine shot out over the high bank forty feet into mid-stream, and sank there. Sophie and me wuz both nigh drowned afore they cud

fish us out. And what dew you think Manager Anderson had the cheek to say to me when I landed. "Bravo, Ike, me boy," he said. 'It's the finest exhibition of trick-cycling ever done. This film is goin' to make a hit.'

"I tried to explain that I hadn't meant it for a trick, but they all bust out larfin'. Even Sophie did a grin. I dunno why."

Alkali is the idol of the American people. His face is as familiar to them as is that of President Taft's. He has been photographed millions of times, and the photographs are seen by not fewer than 300,000 people daily. If laid end to end all the photographs of this popular player would actually encompass the earth. Twenty-five thousand miles of photographs! Think of it! And this is an absolute fact.

2,000 Miles for Special Photographs.

Hardly less famous than Alkali Ike is "Alkali Ike's girl," the ponderous, laughter-provoking Sophie, known professionally as Miss Margaret Joslin. Recently the oddly contrasted couple paid a flying visit to Chicago, in order to be photographed in a series of films at the big new studio the Essanay Company have built there.

Their 2,000 mile journey from California was in the nature of a triumphal progress, for the public got to know, and crowds waited for them at every station where the train stopped. With the girls Alkali was a special "hit." He was kept busy with introductions all the while, and was forced to eat so much "candy" that a doctor was necessary.

Asked by Mr. P. Doublyou, at the conclusion of the interview, if he had any special message for the many thousands of readers of *Pearson's Weekly* who are also photo-play lovers, Ike thought a moment, then drawled: "Tell 'em that if they enjoy watching our pictures any better than Sophie and I enjoy making 'em, they'll have to whistle some."

(Next week: Miss Louise Lester, Popularly Known as "Calamity Anne.")

RESULTS OF FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

"TOP" CONTEST.

In this contest readers were invited to try their skill at suggesting ideas taken from recent events, which might form the subjects of interesting "topical articles." Prizes of ten electric hand-lamps have been awarded to the following for the best suggestions:

G. Bradshaw, West Station, Greenock, Scotland; W. Green, 22 Bell Rd., Sprowston Rd., Norwich; C. E. Hedger, 83 Elborough St., Southfields, S.W.; E. G. Page, 8 Heath Grove, Heath Rd., Maidstone; J. B. Reed, Barnhill House, York Place, Carlisle; Miss G. Savage, The College, Seaford; H. H. Sutcliffe, 248 Luxley Brook, Royton, Oldham; E. Tower, Holloway, Matlock Bath, Derbyshire; C. Wade, 83 Casewick Rd., West Norwood, S.E.; A. W. Waterhouse, Fernholme, Rye, Sussex.

"ANNOUNCE" CONTEST.

Competitors were requested to draw an oblong measuring three inches by two inches, and then write inside that oblong an announcement about "Middles." Five stylo pens have been allocated as follows for the best attempts:

S. H. Harvey, 18 St. Hubert's Rd., Great Harwood, Blackburn; F. McNab, 11 Dalry St., East, Glasgow; C. R. Probert, 68 Brighton Rd., Cheltenham; Miss N. Wainwright, 5 Alexander St., Tyldesley, Manchester; G. S. Wilson, 131 Cross Flatts Grove, Leeds.

"CONDENSED" CONTEST.

For the best condensed versions of the Lieut. Daring story, "A Record Flight," printed on page 873 of P.W., prizes of silver watches were offered, and these have been thus awarded:

H. Blackburn, Borough Rd. College, Isleworth, W.; Mrs. A. E. Davies, 38 Trafalgar Drive, Lower Bebington; A. Hodgson, 115 Belmont Park Rd., Leyton; Miss E. Hunter, 30 Bruntisfield Place, Edinburgh; F. E. Manning, 85 Haverhill Rd., Balham, S.W.

"RENT" CONTEST.

"Supposing you were a quarter behindhand with the rent, what excuse would you give the landlord?" This was the knotty question asked, and for the five best "excuses" suggested, prizes of sealing-wax sets have been sent to the following:

J. H. Kelly, 106 Newmarket Rd., Ashton-under-Lyne; L. Matthews, Hatfield Villa, Church Rd., Bexley Heath; H. Mills, 33 Todmorden Rd., Littleborough, Lancs; Mrs. A. Price, 137 High St., Watford, Herts; J. C. Whitworth, 47 York Rd., Handsworth, Birmingham.

"LOBSTER" CONTEST.

The prize of a blue-bird brooch has been sent to each of the following lady competitors, who best solved the problem, "What, and why, did the lobster sauce?"

Miss H. Bradley, High St., Overton, Ellesmere; Mrs. Kelly, 131 Albert Rd., Devonport; Miss M. Lucas, "Ellerslie," Heybridge Ave., Sreatham; Mrs. R. Major, 7 Hetley House, Hetley Rd., Shepherd's Bush; Mrs. J. Russell, 3 Strathcrae Drive, Anniesland, Glasgow.

C. B. FRY ON KEEPING "FIT."

The ordinary man who does not need to "train" for special athletic events will find much valuable information on maintaining good general health in Mr. Fry's handbook, "Diet and Exercise for Training." To those who seek distinction in athletic fields the book is indispensable. In this small but very useful handbook the famous Oxford Blue sums up the result of his years of experience of training. As might be expected, he deprecates extremes in any direction, and what he says is as valuable to the ordinary man as to the would-be champion. The close relation between "training" and general good condition is clearly shown, and Mr. Fry's hints on keeping "fit" show how easily the average man can maintain himself in perfect health.

The book—neatly bound in stiff boards—is small enough for the pocket. It gives tables of exercise and of diet, and is crammed with information vital to those who know how to appreciate the blessing of health.

The book will be sent post free on receipt of 3d. in stamps. Address: C. B. Fry's Book, Dept. P.W., 66A Farringdon Street, London, E.C.



I've found
out where
Mother hides
the

Laitova
Lemon Cheese

The daily spread for children's bread
It saves the butter bill.

Make some delicious Laitova
sandwiches to-day.

Your grocer sells it.
In Glass Jars: 6½d., 3½d., and 2d.

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Give a satisfaction in Style, Fit and Service such
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The Hat
that is
"just-better"

Ja24



—Can you tell me what you think of spring cleaning in ten words? Don't be too nasty.

Row, You Beggars, Row!

The Sensations of Bow in the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race.

Told by an OLD BLUE.

Bow had reached the height of his ambition. For years he had looked forward to that day when he would row in the University eight, and for years he had concentrated his whole energies upon becoming one of the best oarsmen of his year.

By a coincidence, the day of the boat race was also Bow's twenty-third birthday. That morning he had received a score of telegrams congratulating him upon the double event, and nearly all the telegrams ended with "Best of luck. Hope you win!"

If it had depended upon Bow the race was as good as over! Never was an oarsman more determined to be in the winning boat, never had an oarsman a greater ambition than he! He wanted to win, to win in record time, to hear the frantic cheers of those on the bank as his boat shot past the winning-post at Mortlake.

As the two racing eights waited for the signal to start, Bow had only one thought: "Would he last that four and a quarter miles?"

A Dull Roar in his Ears.

True, he had lasted it twice before with ease when the crew had rowed a full "trial." But, after all was said and done, a trial course is not a race, no matter what time it was done in. He had collapsed at the end of a far shorter race than this, utterly beaten, unable to row another inch for all the honour in the world.

Would he?

Bang!

Mechanically Bow's blade gripped the water, and his ruminations came to a sudden stop. It was no use thinking now whether he would last! There was a dull roar in his ears, the roar of the people on the Putney bank cheering their respective idols. No words were to be distinguished, no separate voices even. Nothing but that dull roar which he knew would accompany him all the way to Mortlake.

With his eyes glued on No. 2's back he swung forward, gripping the water with his blade, and swung back in perfect time.

A strong wind had made the water "choppy," and Bow had to pay all his attention to his oar. He couldn't get out of his mind the horrifying thought that he might catch a "crab." It would not only lose his boat the race, but it would bring upon him—

"Now, Bow, steady!"

Cox's voice broke in. Out of the corner of his eye he could just see the cox in the rival boat which was leading, and despite his grim determination to win, his heart sank. With an effort he shook off his depression and pulled with all his strength.

Shooting Under Hammersmith Bridge.

Craven Steps! Hardly a quarter of the distance and already he felt he had been rowing ten miles instead of one. No. 2's back had been growing larger and larger till there seemed nothing else to be seen in the whole world.

As that back moved forward he followed it. As it turned he strained at his oar and came back with it. He felt his breath coming in great horrid gasps. No. 2's back was becoming a blur.

"Now, Bow, hard on it!"

As Cox spoke a dark shadow seemed to fall on the boat, the dull roar in his ears seemed to become quieter all of a sudden. The boat was shooting under Hammersmith Bridge. A moment later it was swinging out into mid-stream to avoid the dangerous eddy on the Surrey shore.

Bow knew that eddy, knew that he and Cox were the two most important men in the boat for the moment. The thought cheered him immensely, put fresh life into his rowing. From Hammersmith Bridge to Chiswick Eyot his boat, he knew, would have the advantage of the bend of the river.

"Give her ten!" yelled Cox.

They were spurting! Spurting! Bow almost broke out into a laugh. He felt he had got his second wind, felt he could spurt all the way to the winning-post if necessary. Joyfully he swung forward and back as Cox counted, his voice always just in front of the moment when the oars entered the water.

Out of the corner of his eye he could just see the

cox of the next boat. Then stroke came in sight, seven, six, five, four, three, two—bow! The boats were level! In another moment he could no longer see his rivals.

They were a length behind!

But, despite his joyous feeling Bow had felt that spurt. His breath was coming in great gasps, his eyes seemed fixed in one mad stare as though he looked clean through the backs of all the men in front of him.

As the boat shot under Barnes Bridge he felt he must give in. The oar was a ton weight, and his arms felt as though they were coming out of their sockets with the strain. The muscles of his legs and back seemed on fire, the roar in his ears was like the scream of a thousand mad engines.

The heaving shoulders of No. 2 seemed to go up and down in gigantic jumps. Cox was shouting like a maniac, about what Bow never knew.

The roar on the bank was beating the very drums of his ears in, the beating of his heart was choking him.

"Easy all!"

Bow mechanically stopped rowing and tried to sit up. Everything seemed to be slipping away from him. No. 2's back was no longer there, only a gigantic black cavern, into which he stumbled blindly.

Bow had fainted, but he had stayed the course—and won!

SWEET PEA HINTS.

If you want to grow the very finest sweet peas (says Mr. J. S. Eckford, F.R.H.S., one of the greatest sweet pea experts in the world, in the Special Sweet Pea Number of THE SMALLHOLDER), take out a trench 2 to 3 feet deep and 2 feet wide, putting the best soil on one side and thoroughly mixing with it well-rotted manure at the rate of one-barrowful of manure to six of soil. Fill in the trench with this mixture, tread it thoroughly to make it firm, and sow the seed 4 inches apart and 1½ inches deep.

Many other hints will be found in the Special Sweet Pea Number of THE SMALLHOLDER, dated March 8th, now selling, and packets of 200 Henry Eckford sweet peas are being offered in it.

ONLY ONE SEAT.

His name was Woollen—Walter Wellington Woollen. He was telephoning for that very last seat for the Cup-Tie Final, and—

"W. W. Woollen!" he shouted.

"Spell it!" was the reply.

"W!"

"Yes!"

"W!"

"Yes!"

"W!"

"What?"

"W!"

"Yes!"

"Double O!"

"Look here——"

"Double L!"

"Look here—look here!" cried the clerk. "We've only got one seat here, you know, and you seem to be twins!"

RESULT OF FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS No. 7.

(See page 956.)

"ENGLISH CUP" TICKETS.

In P.W., dated February 15th, four pairs of tickets for the Cup Final were offered for the best Football Tripsots on Sunderland. The attempts selected as the best, together with the names and addresses of the senders, were as follows:

SUNDERLAND: *Dad's Saturday Darlings*
Sent by Jos. W. Lager, Lessingham, Norwich; who nominated Geo. Clements, Eccles-by-the-Sea, Statham.

SUNDERLAND: *Scuffers Now "Dollers."*
Sent by R. John, 20 Cowbridge Road, Cardiff; who nominated O. John, 20 Trinity Street, Cardiff.

SUNDERLAND: *Reciprocate Enemy's Attention.*
Sent by Fred Cunliffe, 57 Kersley Street, Oldham; who nominated Miss M. Leach, 73 Latimer Street, Oldham.

SUNDERLAND: *Stock "Exchange" Articles.*
Sent by Arthur Blegg, 37 Alverthorpe Street, South Shields; who nominated Mrs. Blegg, 37 Alverthorpe Street, South Shields.

"SCOTTISH INTERNATIONAL" TICKETS.

In P.W., dated February 15th, a pair of tickets for the Scottish International at London was offered to readers domiciled in Scotland for the best Football Tripsot on Queen's Park. The attempt selected as the best was received as follows:

QUEEN'S PARK: *Not "Screw" Propelled.*
Sent by Arthur Grieve, 101 Balduney Road, Kirkcaldy, Fife; who nominated James Grieve, Abden Terrace, Kirkcaldy, Fife.

LIKE A CRIPPLE WITH RHEUMATISM.

"Two months ago I was like a cripple with rheumatism in my right leg," says Mrs. A. Tinsley, of 93, Stanfield Road, Everton, Liverpool. "It was just as if the limb were lifeless."

"It was twelve months before that the rheumatism started. Only my right leg was affected, but the pain was cruel. I well remember that one day when I was out shopping the pains came on so acutely that I could hardly drag myself home; I could have fallen down in the street, I felt so ill. There was a sharp pain in my back as well, and I could scarcely hold myself upright."

"On the advice of a neighbour, I tried Doan's Backache Kidney Pills, and the very first box relieved the pain. After two more boxes the backache was gone, and the rheumatism was completely cured: I could walk about in comfort."

"I only wish I had known about Doan's pills earlier. They are splendid. (Signed) (Mrs.) A. Tinsley."

Much of the rheumatic pain that comes in damp weather is the work of uric acid crystals left in the system by weak kidneys. Doan's Backache Kidney Pills are successful in such cases, because they act quickly on the kidney system, promoting a copious action and eliminating the mischievous uric acid poison. This remedy contains no harmful ingredients whatever, and is safe for men and women, old and young.

In 2s. 9d. boxes only, six boxes 13s. 9d. *Never sold loose.* Of all dealers, or from Foster-McClellan, 8, Wells Street, Oxford Street, London, W. Be sure you get the same pills as Mrs. Tinsley had.

Could You Spend £100?

Why Not Try

to get it by entering for the £500 Competition in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE? The first prize of £100 goes to the competitor who succeeds in spotting the best advertisement in the March, April, and May numbers.

Think what a splendid holiday you could give yourself this summer if that £100 came your way. Don't hesitate.

OBEY THAT IMPULSE.

GO IN AND WIN.

For full particulars see the
March
PEARSON'S MAGAZINE,
Price 6d. . Now on Sale.



—For the five best ten-word descriptions I will give Briar Pipes. Mark postcards "Spring." (See page 952.)

THE LAST INSTALLMENT OF OUR POPULAR SHORT SERIAL.

A HEART OF HATE

"You have made me a beast, and when you open the door of my cell, you will let out Satan himself."

CHAPTER X. Forgiven!

WHEN Henry Mumford's eyes opened again it was on his daughter's face that they first lighted.

He feebly held out his arms, and the girl, sobbing, bent forward and kissed him.

"Margaret, Margaret, my darling!" he said in a weak whisper. "Thank God you've come back to me."

For some minutes he held her in his arms without speaking, then feebly he put her from him, and turned upon his side so that he faced Jasper Thornton and Mary Hatton.

"Margaret, I am dying, and there's something I must say before I am silent for ever. I did that man there a great wrong. Try not to despise me, but remember me only as the father who loved you. The wrong I did him you need never know, unless he tells you, and perhaps—though I can ask no favour of him, he will never tell you."

He looked imploringly at Jasper Thornton, who stood there silently with bowed head.

"If he should tell you—"

"She shall never hear it from me," interrupted Jasper Thornton in a strained voice.

The financier looked at him with eyes of gratitude. "I did you an irreparable wrong; I made you suffer cruelly for my sins; I am dying now, and I ask you to forgive me, as I forgive you."

Jasper Thornton moved towards the bed and took the dying man's hand.

"I forgive you," he said. "May Heaven forgive me for all the evil I intended you."

For the space of a few seconds the two men looked in one another's eyes. There was something like a smile on his face as Henry Mumford turned to his daughter.

"Margaret, my darling, good-bye!"

The grey shadow of death spread itself upon his cheeks, and still grasping the hand of the man who had persecuted him with such relentless hatred, Henry Mumford passed away.

More than six months had passed, and the spring had come to London. In the Park beneath a dazzling blue sky the flowers were in bloom. The trees were peppered with green buds, and the whole world seemed to be full of a new promise.

In one of the walks a man strode backwards and forwards—a tall, gigantic figure with a weather-beaten face. His hair was touched with grey, though it was clear he had not reached middle-age. In his hand he held a letter, which he perused, smiling to himself. He was evidently waiting for somebody, for now and again he looked about anxiously, scanning the Park in every direction.

Presently round the corner of one of the side paths a girl appeared, and the man, seeing her, walked eagerly in her direction.

"Miss Hatton," he said, taking her hand in his and looking down almost hungrily into her beautiful face, "I thought you were never coming. I haven't seen you for a whole week, and it seems like years."

She smiled back at him and tried to release her hand.

"We can't stand like this in the middle of the path, obstructing the traffic," she said. "Shall we go and sit down?"

He led her laughingly to a neighbouring seat.

"I've got news for you—news that I think will please you."

"Of John?" she questioned, her face lighting up with interest.

"Of course of John," he answered. "We've never met in our lives except to talk of John, have we?"

He saw the shadow of some painful memory in her eyes and went on hurriedly.

"Those days are over, but I can't help thinking of them. Although I recollect with horror the sort of mad creature I was then, there are some things I like to recall. A certain lodging-house in Camden Town where a brave girl pleaded with me for her brother is one of them. Do you know I owe everything to you—everything?"

"Don't, Mr. Thornton," she protested, hanging down her head.

"Yes, everything," he went on passionately. "I was a madman. I ought to have been locked up, and you saved me and brought me back to sanity. It was you who first awakened something like human feeling in my heart."

She did not answer, and he put out one of his great hands and touched her as if to make certain she was listening.

"Do you know I read something somewhere the

other day which exactly fitted my case? A man was clamouring for justice on a fellow man and declaring that he would punish him. The old philosopher to whom he was speaking replied: 'Who are you to take the rod of correction out of the hands of the Almighty?' That's what you first taught me, Miss Hatton, though at the time I refused to learn the lesson."

"But you told me you had news of John," she said, as if anxious to change the subject.

"Yes. I've had this letter from him. You had better read it yourself."

She seized it eagerly and devoured its contents with sparkling eyes.

"He's doing splendidly," she exclaimed. "I always knew he would if only he could be got out of England and given a real chance away from all the old temptations. And it's you who have done it all; it's your generosity that has saved him."

He looked at her in perplexity.

"My generosity! Why, there's nothing generous about trying to undo a wrong. It was my fault, my confounded money that lured him back to a crooked life, and it was the very least I could do to set him up in Canada. I owed it to him and to you."

She gazed at him with shining eyes.

"All the same, let me think it generous of you."

"I love you to think kind things of me, even if they aren't true. But I've other news for you. Have you heard that Miss Mumford and Mr. Lambert were quietly married on Tuesday? It almost seems as if everything were straightened out now."

She put one of her little hands upon his arm, and her face was beaming with pleasure.

"I am so glad, for your sake!"

He had been looking at her, but now he turned and stared at the gravelled walk.

"I once knew a missionary," he said inconsequently, after a short pause, "who used to talk in that way about the people he'd saved. You don't regard me only like that, do you, Miss Hatton, as a sort of prize specimen brand you've plucked from the burning?"

"I don't think I understand you," she answered in a troubled voice.

"Well, it's to you I owe everything; it's you who helped me to a sane way of thinking and a sane way of living; but all the same I shouldn't care for you to look upon me merely as your pious convert. I want something more than that."

He had glanced at her suddenly, and it was she who now averted her gaze.

"You know what I am, you know what I have been. Could you, in spite of that knowledge, come to think of me in the way you must know I would have you think?"

Her face was still averted, and she did not answer him.

"Mary," he pleaded, using her name for the first time, "could you, in spite of all, care enough for me to be my wife?"

She turned to him slowly, with a sweet smile on her lips, and a message written plain for him in her eyes, and there and then with a little cry of joy, regardless of the people who were walking about, he took her in his arms and kissed her.

The End.

OUR GIFT WINNERS.

They carried their "Pearson's" in their hands And this is what we gave them. (See page 950.)

SILVER-HEADED HAT PINS TO—
Miss G. Protheroe, 166 Newfoundland Rd., Gabalfa, Llandaff.
P. Marshall, 10 Bettridge Rd., Hurlingham.
Mrs. Dixon, 18 Clark Lane, Leeds.
Miss K. Barnes, 83 Oxbridge Rd., Hanwell, Mids.

P.W. PENKNIVES TO—
A. Ralph, 24 Scotland Rd., Carlisle.
E. Parker, 99 Park Rd., Kingston-on-Thames.
H. Gregory, 18 Victoria Terr., St. Budeaux, Devonport.
E. Barrett, 71 Thistle Terr., Keyham, Devonport.

SOVEREIGN PENSSES TO—
H. Goodwin, 45 Pitfield St., Old St., E.C.
J. Halliday, 65 Warwick Rd., Sparkhill, Birmingham.
Mrs. C. Ulph, 4 Churchill Rd., South Croydon, Surrey.

BLUE BIRD BROOCHES TO—
Miss P. McKerrill, 266 Dumbarton Rd., Partick.
Mr. Bishop, 17 Hampden Rd., Hornsey, N.
Miss M. Lipscombe, 12 Beaconsfield St., New Beckton.
Mr. Woffenden, 73 Beechwood View, Burnley, Leeds.
L. R. Robinson, 25 Wingrove Ave., Newcastle.

FOLDING NAIL SCISSORS TO—
R. T. G. Paterson, 34 North Bridge, Edinburgh.
A. G. Gill, 30 Grove Green Rd., Leytonstone, N.E.
H. Jones, Mount Villa, Broad Grove, L'pool.
H. Dell, 40 Morris Pk. Terr., St. Budeaux, Devonport.

So carry your "Pearson's" in your hand, And see what we will give you.



ALL READERS READ THIS.

We want 130 Football Guests, 100 to witness the Cup Final played at the Crystal Palace on April 19th, and 30 Scottish readers to see the International Scotland v England played at Chelsea on April 5th.

We offer our readers:

Free return railway ticket from their home to London.

Hot Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea.

Trip round London.

Seat in Grand Stand to witness the Final or International.

HOW TO WIN TICKETS.

Each week we give you the name of a popular football club and ask you to make a "Football Tripshot" on this name. The club chosen this week is **NEWCASTLE UNITED**. To make a "Football Tripshot" on **NEWCASTLE UNITED**, you must write a phrase or sentence of three words, the initials of which must be the initials of the name of the popular league club. You may use any three letters: you like in any order, but a letter can only be used more than once if it occurs more than once. An example "Football tripshot," which must not be used, is:

NEWCASTLE UNITED: WANT THE CUP.

When you have made your "Football Tripshot," write it in the space provided on the entry form, and sign your name underneath. Then ask the friend whom you wish to go with you to the Cup Final, to put his or her name and address beneath yours. This week, ten free tickets—five pairs—for the Cup Final are offered for the best Football Tripshots.

LAST WEEK FOR SCOTTISH READERS!

In addition to asking 100 of our readers to enter to the Cup Final we are inviting 30 readers from Scotland to witness the International Match, Scotland v England, played at Chelsea on April 5th.

Only readers domiciled in Scotland may enter for these tickets.

All we want you to do is to make a "Football Tripshot" on the name of some famous Scottish team. You will find how to make "Football Tripshots" above.

This is the last opportunity for readers living in Scotland. This week we offer the remaining four free tickets—two pairs—for the International match, for the best Tripshot on GREENOCK MORTON, the Scottish League club.

ENTRY FORM.

FOOTBALL TRIPSHOTS No. 11

Write your three words clearly in ink.

State here whether English or Scottish Contest.

Tripshot

I agree to abide by the conditions and to accept the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" as final.

Signed

Address

Signed

Address

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. When you have filled up the entry form get your friend to sign his or her name below yours, then cut it out, and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, 10, Fetter Lane, London, W.C. No other communication to be enclosed. Names and addresses must be written, not printed, or typewritten.

2. Envelopes, with entries for English Cup Final tickets, must be marked "Newcastle" on the top left-hand corner, and sent to the International "Morton." All entries must be postmarked not later than Tuesday, March 18th.

3. The prizes will be awarded for the attempts considered the best. After they have been selected, a free invitation will be sent to each of the readers whose names appear on the winning entry forms, to travel from the addresses given to view the English Cup Final or the International.

4. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

5. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

The results of Contest No. 7 appear on page 955.

Now ladies! Why is a pair of scissors like a "Middles" competitor? (Turn to page 958.)

MAKE 1913 A LUCKY YEAR.

An Interesting Talk about Magic Numbers.

SUPERSTITIOUS people greeted the New Year with a shudder, because thirteen is an unlucky number; and even now many people shudder every time they put the ill-omened number, "13," at the head of their letters. They have made up their minds that this will be an unlucky year.

But all the omens are not naturally evil. The year may yet prove a lucky one; and, indeed, it is largely in our own power to make it so, if not always for ourselves, certainly for others.

Write down the figures, 1, 9, 1, 3, and consider what good omens can be read from them.

Set them out like this:—

19
13
—
32

Now, as some numbers, like 13, are reputed to be unlucky in superstitious lore, others are lucky, and 32 is a very lucky number.

It is lucky because it contains eight fours, and four eights. Four represents a cube, also a corner stone; hence is the number on which enterprise may be built with good fortune. Eight was called by ancient philosophers the number of justice, because it divided evenly into four and four, and four divides evenly into two and two, which divides again into one and one.

14 is a Good Number.

Another point worth noting is that if we add up 1, 9, 1, 3, we arrive at 14, and so avoid by a happy chance, the doubly bad omen of two thirties in the date, so often commented upon a century ago, in 1813, when the dread shadow of Napoleon hung over all Europe.

And fourteen is a good number. Are there not two sevens in fourteen?—and has not seven ever been considered as the embodiment of perfection? It is the number that belongs essentially to sacred things, as, for example, the Sabbath day.

Nor is this all. In 1913 we find a three, and three threes in the nine, and three, like seven, was ever a lucky number, according to very ancient superstitions, known even before three stood as the symbol of Trinity. Three was the perfect number of ancient philosophy, expressive of beginning, middle and end.

And as three is a good number so is nine. Nine represents three triangles, and stands for the equilibrium of the three worlds, earth, air and water. For number nine the Chinese have the greatest reverence. Thus, they consider it lucky to prostrate themselves nine times before god or Emperor.

Quite a Magic Figure.

But nine has come to be a magic number for another reason.

Nine is the number of pennies which, sent to the Fresh Air Fund, give one poor town child, when summer-time comes, a day's holiday in the country.

This fact is well-known to readers of "P.W.," but may well be recalled now when so many people are distressed at finding the unlucky number 13 in the date, and others are rejoicing to find more than one lucky nine.

The fact suggests a way to make 1913 a lucky year—a very simple way, and very effective.

You make this a lucky year by subscribing nine pennies, as often as possible, to the Fresh Air Fund.

It is a way very likely to bring the subscriber good luck, since good deeds actually carried out have so much better a chance of yielding good fruit than have good deeds merely thought of.

The present is an excellent time for sending in a subscription. If the "F.A.F." is to carry on its great work of spreading happiness among the poor children of the towns, support is essential in winter as well as summer.

Help us now! Give the "F.A.F." a send off! And every 9d. you send will bring you a child's thanks and blessing.

There are no expenses of management for the Fresh Air Fund. All expenses are borne by the promoters, Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson Limited, the *Daily Express* Limited, the *Standard Newspapers* Limited, and the Ragged School Union. There is no distinction of class or creed. Ninepence pays for a day's happiness for a child; 28 2s. pays for a complete party of 200, with the necessary attendants. Cheques and money orders should be made payable to the Fresh Air Fund, and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, F.A.F., Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and will be acknowledged in the paper.

FREE TO ALL

The Great Skin and Complexion Cure.

500 1/1½ BOXES GIVEN AWAY

ALL SUFFERERS WRITE AT ONCE.

THE one real cure for all skin complaints is **Vegetine**. Its price is 1/1½, and it can be obtained from all chemists.

But we will send a Full Size 1/1½ Box FREE to the first 500 applications opened.

Vegetine is not a cosmetic. It is taken internally, and as a cure for skin troubles it has superseded all other remedies. What is your trouble? Have you eczema, or a rash, or pimples, or a bad complexion? Is your skin disfigured by blotches or defects of any kind? Vegetine will cure you.

Send at once for the Free Gift Full Size (1/1½) Box. We are sending out 500 of these Free Gifts to those who apply at once.

This full size Box of Vegetine—which we will send you free—will completely cure any ordinary case of skin trouble—and even if your case is severe the one box of Vegetine will give you immense relief, and will prove to you that this is the real remedy for your trouble.

AN EARNEST REQUEST.

If you suffer from any kind of skin trouble, do not neglect this offer, but make one trial of Vegetine, which you can now do free of all cost.

Make use of the Free Gift coupon printed below, and if you apply at once you will receive the Full Size (1/1½) Box of Vegetine by return of post.

THE VEGETINE CURE.

The Vegetine Cure is not a long and painful process. It is rapid and natural. It is a great blessing to all sufferers from any kind of skin troubles. After a course of Vegetine the blood is purified, the system strengthened, and the skin completely cleansed of every kind of spot or blemish.

Vegetine is a preparation that contains no dangerous drug. It not only cures every skin complaint, but it always improves the general health. You not only look better, you feel better if you take Vegetine. It has a marvellous tonic effect.

Vegetine can be purchased from all chemists, price 1/1½, 2/9 (three times the quantity), 4/6 (six times the quantity).

FREE GIFT OFFER.

Send the following coupon to the David MacQueen Company, Paternoster Row, London, with your name and address, enclosing only one penny stamp for postage.

This Full Size (1/1½) Box of Vegetine will absolutely convince you that Vegetine will cure every kind of skin trouble when all else has failed.

NOTE.—In case of complexion troubles, if Vegetine is used according to the directions, an improvement is always apparent on the third or fourth day.

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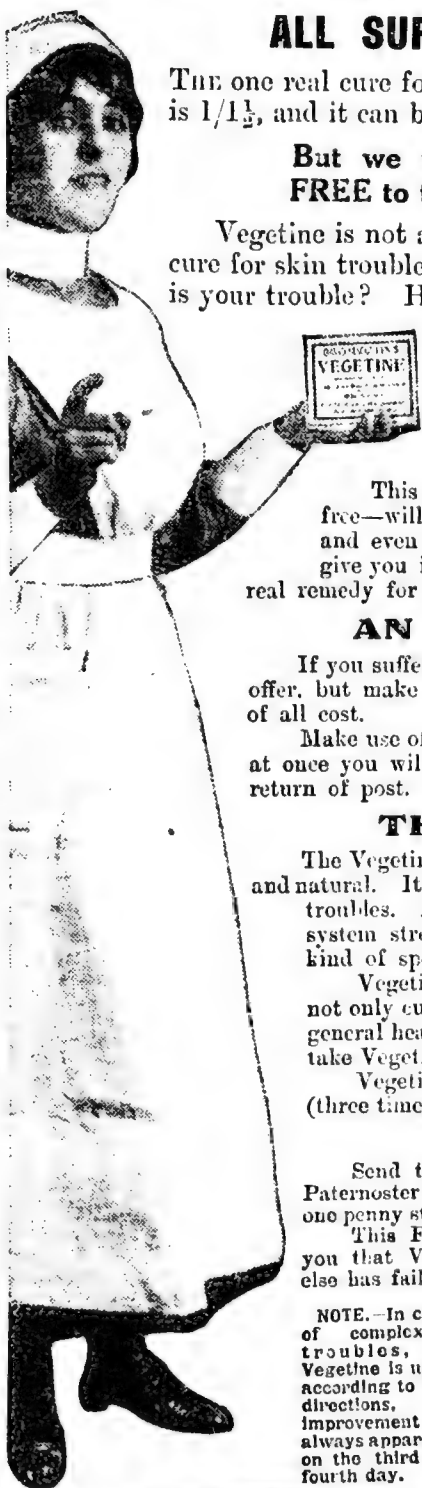
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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

'Mystery' Smith.



How He Outwitted a Merry Widow.

By WILLIAM POLLOCK.

MR. POSTLETHWAITE never quite knew how he had become engaged to marry the widow of his departed friend, Mr. William Hicks.

He did know, however, that as the engagement went on so did he become less and less pleased with the idea of what was before him. For Mr. Postlethwaite was not only at least fifteen years younger than the widow, but in many other ways the match was quite unsuitable.

For instance, while he was not without education and an interest in the artistic things of life, she was astonishingly lacking in both; and whereas he had ideas on travelling and, perhaps, a nice quiet old country house, her horizon did not extend much beyond a regular visit to the local music-hall, an occasional jaunt to town for a *matinée* or shopping, and a suburban villa.

Also, Mr. Postlethwaite had lately met quite a nice intelligent girl, two years his junior, in whom he had begun to take something more than a casual interest—an interest which he modestly imagined was rapidly being returned. Consequently, he was at some considerable pains to consider his position.

That he must—somehow—cool off Mrs. Hicks was plain. Some subtle, even cunning means were necessary, he decided. An open breach with, very likely, a public action for damages on her part following, was unthinkable, of course. Yet the happiness of two—possibly three—people was at stake.

Mr. Postlethwaite thought hard for fully a quarter of an hour, and then, suddenly, he became vastly amused at something, laughing and chuckling softly to himself. "Jove, y-s, that's a good idea," he muttered; "that ought to clear the way—and leave the onus on her. Good old Mystery Smith!"

Still chuckling, he sat down at his table, drew a scribbling-block towards him, bit the end of a pencil thoughtfully for a minute, and then started to write:

"Dear Madam," he wrote—"This comes as a warning. Beware of a Certain Party. Men were deceivers ever, and this one is having a fine old game with you. He isn't Respectable. Ask him how he spent September to Christmas '08; ask him if it wasn't pure trickery, fraud, and deceit that kept him going then. Ask him how he lived before his uncle died and left him a hundred a year, and see what he says. Ah! ha!

Yours truly, A WELL-WISHER.

"P.S.—In case there's any doubt, the Party's name begins with a P.

"P.P.S.—Ask him what he knows about 'Mystery Smith'?"

With a nod of satisfaction at his composition, Mr. Postlethwaite typed it out on the machine which he used for the perpetration of short stories on a long-suffering public; addressed it, also in type; and then went out and dropped it in the nearest pillar-box.

"She will get that by four o'clock," he smiled to himself; "I will blow along about five—and then for a lively quarter of an hour!"

When he did "blow along" to the small, rather uninteresting house in the northern district in which Mrs. Hicks had continued to live after the unhappy demise of William, Mr. Postlethwaite noted with a certain secret satisfaction that the widow did not greet him so effusively as usual. As a matter of fact, her manner towards him was distinctly chilly.

"So you've come, 'ave you?" she said, rather unnecessarily.

Mr. Postlethwaite tried to smile as amiably and naturally as he could. "It does look a bit like it, doesn't it?" he admitted.

Mrs. Hicks began to fumble in her pocket. "I'm surprised that you 'ave the face," she observed—"specially arter—"

"After what?" he said innocently. "What are you talking about, Fanny?"

"Arter September to Christmas '08," said Mrs. Hicks darkly. "Oh, no wonder you give a start; I know"—she produced a letter from some mysterious fold in her ample dress. "I know—'oo's Mystery Smith, eh? I'aps you'd like to read this?"

She snorted indignantly as Mr. Postlethwaite took the letter from her and started to open it out. He read it with an admirable suggestion of unpleasant astonishment, and then suddenly thrust both letter

and envelope into the bright fire that was burning, pushing them well down with his foot.

Mrs. Hicks gave a little cry of dismay, and made a dash firewards. But the young man barred the way; and, before she could seize the tongs, the paper was tinder.

"Oh!" she said. "Oh! Well, if that ain't—" "I am surprised that you should take any notice of anonymous letters," said Mr. Postlethwaite severely; "they are the—the weapons of cowards."

Mrs. Hicks looked at him, flushed and defiant. "Don't you start the 'igh an' mighty with me, George Postlethwaite!" she said. "Ennyow, this one give you a bit of a scare!"

"Scare?" said he. "Scare! Pooh! What are you talking about!"

"Trickery, fraud, an' deceit," replied Mrs. Hicks pointedly. "That's what I'm talkin' about. September to Christmas '08, eh? Mystery Smith, eh? Come on, 'oo was Mystery Smith?"

The young man tried his best to look uncomfortable.

"Oh, just a man I used to know!" he said evasively.

"Trickery, fraud, an' deceit," quoted the widow again; "you an' this Mystery Smith. 'Aving a fine old game with me, it said. Now, then, are you goin' to own up?"

"I am not," replied Mr. Postlethwaite stoutly; "Old—that is, Mr. Smith's secret is my secret. In honour I cannot!"

"Honour!" sneered Mrs. Hicks—"yes, among thieves—or worse, I daresay. Murder will out, as the sayin' is, you know, Mr. Postlethwaite, an' you've been found out. The very nex' letter as comes from A Well-wisher goes straight to my solicitor—until then I never wish to 'ave anything more to do with—such a tricky, fraudy deceiver as you! Never! so there!"

Mr. Postlethwaite took up his hat and stalked offensively towards the door. "Remember, this is your doing, not mine," he said quietly. Then he let himself out with a noise uncommonly like a sigh of relief.

He fished out a photograph of himself arrayed in evening dress when he got back to his rooms. "Mystery Smith, Australia's Greatest Conjuror and Sleight of Hand Artiste," was the name on the photograph.

He laughed. "Well, I never imagined when I went on tour that it would help me out of a hole like that, Smithy, you old ruffian!" he remarked to the picture of the young gentleman. "Trickery, fraud, and deceit! Ha! ha! Oh, there's nothing like telling the frank truth—sometimes!"

"ARDENT WOOLER" WINS £100.

For the "Middle" "ArdenT Woole—Takes, Then Asks," Mr. P. R. Hibbert, of Salisbury Road, Leigh-on-Sea, received our cheque for £100 in Contest No. 51.

Never was a prize more acceptable than it was to Mr. Hibbert, for it came as the silver lining, or perhaps we might say the golden lining, of a very dark cloud. Mr. Hibbert was in great trouble when his good fortune was made known to him, for he has recently buried his sister and now his mother lies at death's door, and at times like these money for doctors' bills and so on is a godsend.

Mr. Hibbert has no special method of making "Middles," and attributes his success to perseverance, for during the whole run of the competition, he has only missed six weeks in sending in "Middles." In his own words, "You must never miss a week if you want the big prizes, or in other words, 'Stick at 'em and get 'em.'"

Each week Mr. Hibbert makes a number of "Middles" and just sends in the attempts he considers the smartest and most original. He is employed by a London Telephone Company, so his train journey each day between Leigh and London is a good opportunity for thinking out "Middles." In this way the time which might otherwise be wasted travelling to and from his work is spent in an interesting pastime, which has proved a profitable occupation.

"I think 'Middles' are quite easy," added Mr. Hibbert; "and anyone can win them if they just make up their mind to do so. Of course, some people win prizes with their first attempts, but others try for weeks and weeks before they win a prize. If those people who think they are never going to win would say to themselves, 'I will win that first prize!' and then stick to it, they would get it."

Every week "Middles" are getting more and more popular and, naturally, the prizes are increasing. This week the first prize is £300, the second prize is £50, the third prize £25. Then there are 700 prizes of 5s., and 1,000 consolation gifts. Turn to page 964 now and try to win the £300.

HOW NOT TO SIDE-SLIP.

And Some Other Useful Tips for Men and Lady Cyclists.

The Perfect Pedaller

Feels each pedal all the time.

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Can be quickly and easily cleaned with a rag dipped in methylated spirit.

A Postage Stamp

Can be used to mend a bicycle puncture and will last for several miles.

Always Test Your Brake

Before descending a steep hill. This saves many an accident.

Never Cut the Wick

Of a bicycle lamp. It saves an uneven surface, and, consequently, a smoky light, if you take a duster and brush the brittle, burnt wick off after using the lamp.

To Prevent Punctures.

Tie a string across the side-stays which are generally fixed to the bottom of the mud-guard as near as possible to, but not touching, the tyre. The string will save the tyre from thorns and small flints, and punctures will be prevented.

To Prevent Side-Slips.

Take a penny steel key-chain, cut it in half, attach to the front and back forks, and fasten the end of the chain to the forks on either side of the tyre, allowing a loop so that the chain may rest lightly on the top of the tyre. As the wheel revolves, the chain removes all grit, keeps the tyre clean and prevents side-slips.

Keeps the Foot Right.

Unless the toe-strap on the pedal of a bicycle is adjusted to a nicety the rider's foot may work too far forward and prohibit proper pedal action. To prevent this, many racing cyclists nail a strip of leather across the sole of each shoe. The strip presses against the pedal plate and thus keeps the foot in the right position on the pedal.

To Find a Puncture.

Pour into the tube a wineglassful of water mixed with a little washing-blue and allow it to remain. This will last a year and will not injure the tube, and should you get a puncture, directly you remove the outer cover you can see from the blue mark exactly where it is.

ON THE WARPATH.

LITTLE Tommy, at the Cinema, saw a tribe of Indians painting their faces, and asked his mother the significance of this.

"Indians," his mother answered, "always paint their faces before going on the warpath—before scalping and tomahawking and murdering."

The next evening, after dinner, as the mother entertained in the parlour her daughter's young man, Tommy rushed downstairs, wide-eyed with fright.

"Come on, mother!" he cried. "Let's get out of this quick! Sister is going on the warpath!"

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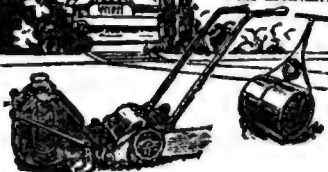
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DAINTY DISHES.

Stuffed Steamed Onions.

Peel six large Spanish onions and boil for ten minutes. Then drain and allow to dry. Scoop out the centres and chop with a little sausage-meat and a few breadcrumbs, pepper and salt to taste, and one lightly-beaten egg. Stuff the onions with this mixture, and heap what is left over on the top of the onions. Place in a baking-tin, add a cup of stock, and brown in an oven.

Tomato Honey.

Scald and skin some ripe tomatoes, then cook till they are boiled to pieces. Strain through a jelly-bag to remove the seeds. Return to the saucepan, and for every pint of juice allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar; add a squeeze of lemon-juice, and boil slowly for an hour, removing the scum as it rises. Pour into jars and when firm, cover. This is excellent eaten with bread-and-butter in place of jam.

Curried Beef.

Cut the remains of any cold beef into dice. Then melt one ounce of butter in a saucepan, and add one small onion and one apple, both thinly sliced, two dessertspoonfuls of curry powder, and one of tomato chutney, and a teaspoonful of corn-flour. Cook for five minutes, then add half a pint of milk. Boil slowly for ten minutes and pass through a sieve, then put in the meat, allow to get hot, and serve with boiled rice. (Mutton may be curried in the same way.)

Rice Cutlets.

Take one quarter of a pound of rice, wash it and place in a saucepan with one pint of water, boil gently, stirring well until the water is absorbed and the rice quite tender. Then melt two ounces of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, one ounce of grated cheese. Stir in the rice, add pepper and salt to taste, mix with the well-beaten yolk of two eggs, to a stiff paste, roll out to about half an inch thick, cut into cutlet shapes, brush over with the white of the eggs, cover with breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling fat. Drain and serve.

Croquettes of Haricot Beans.

Place one quart of small haricot beans to soak in tepid water overnight. When required, drain them, place in a stewpan with fresh water, and boil slowly for about half an hour. Drain again, place in boiling water, and cook for another hour. Then drain again and press through a sieve. Put this purée into a saucepan with four ounces of butter, a tablespoonful of white vinegar, and one of mint. Add pepper and salt to taste. Mix together for two or three minutes over the fire, then allow to cool. Form into little balls or cubes, dip in well-beaten egg, roll in fine breadcrumbs, and fry in good clarified fat. Serve garnished with fried parsley.

Baked Macaroni and Cheese.

Take one quarter of a pound of macaroni and break into one-inch lengths, cook till tender in two pints of salted water (this will take about twenty minutes), then drain in a colander and dash cold water over it twice, while it remains in the colander. Then drain well. Make a sauce with one tablespoonful each of butter and flour, melted together in three-quarters of a pint of cold milk. Stir this over the fire till it thickens, then butter a deep dish, put in the macaroni, then a layer of grated cheese and one of the sauce. Fill the dish with these layers, then put one of fine breadcrumbs and sprinkle cheese on the top. Bake till brown.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

People speak glibly of cause and effect, without stopping to think that their own health, age, their very existence, depends upon that great principle. Why do so many folk suffer from all kinds of complaints? Why this constant necessity of building the body, and a host of other adventitious aids to health? Simply because the majority of folk do not study the law of cause and effect as applied to themselves. They do not study Nature, but prefer to listen to the tales invented by quacks. In the matter of foodstuffs, an ounce of Nature is worth more than a ton of artifice. Take the most striking example of the efficacy of Nature's pure food—the little Greek Currant. The Currant contains grape-sugar, the best of all foods. A liberal diet of Currants—raw or cooked—is always the cause of good health and vigour.

The Little Dressmaker



Tells You How to Manage Pleats on a Skirt.

PLEATED skirts are coming into fashion very fast, and many ladies, I am sure, will be wondering how to make those pleats nicely and easily. I am going to tell you how to manage them on a skirt which is pleated all round, and you will be able to apply the directions to your own pattern.

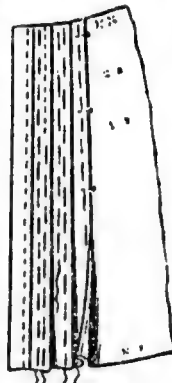


Diagram 1.
Pin the pleats first and then tack them.

There are not very many of these all-the-way-round kilted skirts to be seen yet, but most of the new styles have a few kilts on them.

Your pattern will probably have dotted lines or notches showing you where to make the pleats. Fold your stuff according to these notches, and pin it down, putting in plenty of pins. I always use such a lot of pins that a skirt of mine looks almost like a hedgehog.

Having pinned the whole thing, you must try it against yourself to see if it is right. If you find that it is, you must run tacking threads to take the place of the pins.

Now you must machine your pleats, either all the way down, or part of the way down. If you were carrying them only part of the way down, you must remember that the front ones must be a little longer than the ones towards the back. If you get the back ones longer than the front, you will look, when you wear the skirt, as if you were standing on your heels and holding your figure all wrong.

Before taking out the tacking threads, you must press the pleats. Turn the skirt wrong side out, lay a wet cloth on it, and give it a thorough good pressing with a hot iron. Do not let the iron be too hot, or your pleats may be scorched at the edges, and then they will very soon fray and go into holes.

There is great deal too much thickness of material on the hips, so you must cut this away from the waist down to the place where the stitching stops. Pink the raw edges which are left after the cutting, and press them out quite flat, so that the part of the skirt which lies upon your hips is as little bulky as possible.

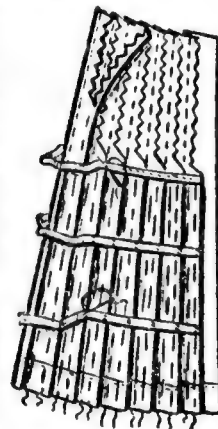


Diagram 3.
Cut away the spare material under the stitching and tack in tapes to steady the free parts of the pleats.

I always tape the open parts of my pleats in order to keep them from pulling out of shape. You can put in one, two, or three tapes, just as you like. Be careful not to make them too tight; they are not intended to draw the skirt in, but only to keep the pleats from flying out. The tapes towards the hem should be a good deal longer than those higher up, for, if you make them too tight, they will hobble you and get in your way when you are walking.

The tapes are held by a tacking stitch on the inside loop of each pleat. The sewing which holds them does not show through to the right side of the material for no one must know that the tapes are there at all. They are only like the wires in a hat—for strength and not for show.

Your respectful friend,
THE LITTLE DRESSMAKER.

HOME HINTS.

To Clean Stained Knife-Handles.

Rub with a cut lemon, then wash immediately in cold water.

To Remove Scorch Marks from Linen.

Cut an onion in half and rub the scorched part with it. Then soak in cold water, and the marks will disappear.

To Polish Tiles.

Wash in the usual way, dry, then polish with little furniture cream. This gives them a good and lasting polish.

When Baking a Cake.

Place an enamelled pialish filled with water in the lower part of the oven. This will prevent the cake from burning.

When Frying Sprats.

Or other small fish sprinkle them with fine oatmeal instead of flour, and when cooked they will look as if they had been fried with egg and breadcrumbs.

To Clean a Cloudy Decanter or Water-Bottle.

Put in a handful of salt and a little vinegar, shake well, and it will make the glass beautifully clear. Rinse several times with hot water to remove all salt.

A Hint for Mother.

When the tyre of baby's carriage slips, get a pennyworth of oak varnish from the oilshop, rub a little round the rim and press on the tyre. Leave till next morning before using.

To Stain a Floor for Fourpence.

Take two pennyworth of blue and dissolve it in one pint of boiling water. When quite dissolved, put into it two pennyworth of brown umber and mix thoroughly. Apply to the floor with a soft brush.

A Damp Wall.

Should be papered with thick brown paper upon which a coating of blacklead has been spread. Place the blacklead side next the wall, then paper with ordinary wall paper and the damp will not strike through.

To Light a Fire Without Wood.

Twist pieces of newspaper into long spools, wind these round and round the hand, and pull the end through to form a sort of wheel. Arrange five or six of these on the coals in place of wood, and the fire will light and burn up well.

A Celery Hint.

Take the outside pieces of celery which are too green and coarse to be sent to table, tie them into little bundles, and cook and serve in the same way as asparagus. They make an excellent vegetable. The water in which they are boiled can be used for soup.

A WONDERFUL PATTERN.

A PATTERN from which you can cut more than thirty different blouses is worth knowing about, isn't it?—especially when it doesn't cost any more than a pattern which can only be used once. If you are a home dressmaker, buy a copy of the week's HOME NOTES, in which you will be able to read all about the wonderful Many-Model Blouse pattern.

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and Women, and Thin, Delicate Children
have a guaranteed Remedy in
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(3) Have you kidney and digestive troubles?

(4) Are your children thin, delicate, or badly developed?

Or are you or any of the members of your family suffering from any form of physical and nerve exhaustion? If so, a course of Dr. Cassell's Tablets for Weak and Nervous People will speedily and permanently effect a cure. This great remedy is pure, safe and reliable, and contains just what is necessary to restore worn-out tissues in children or adults, and is the most remarkable body-builder and restorer of modern times. Dr. Cassell's Tablets for Weak and Nervous People are sold at 10d., 1/11, and 2/9 by all chemists. Send 2d. in stamps for postage, A.C. to Dr. Cassell's Co. Ltd., 418 Chester Road, Manchester, for a free trial box.

Any reader who sends us an acceptable paragraph or hint for this page will receive a handsome pair of Scissors.

A 20 H.P. Motor Car & 12 Months' Upkeep for NOTHING.

Thousands of Other Valuable Prizes.

A superb 20 H.P. Motor Car, to seat four persons, is the first prize given in the great 1913 Prize Offer made by Godfrey Phillips Ltd., to smokers of their Gold Flake Cigarettes. Thousands of other magnificent prizes are offered, including articles suitable for either Ladies' or Gentlemen's use, and these may be won in addition to your prospect of winning the magnificent premier prize.

With the 20 H.P. Motor Car the winner will receive for upkeep the sum of £120, payable in quarterly instalments of £30 each in advance.

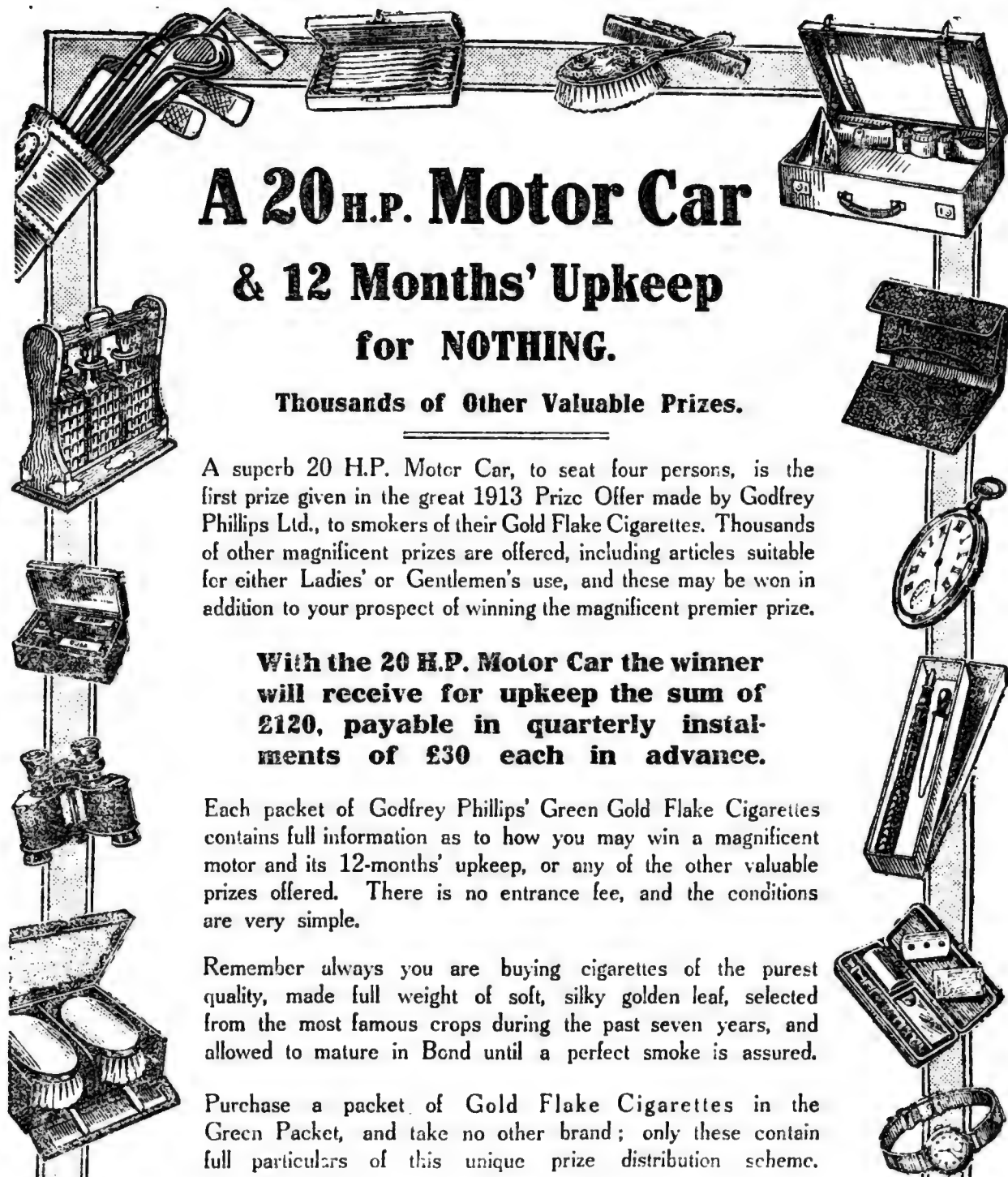
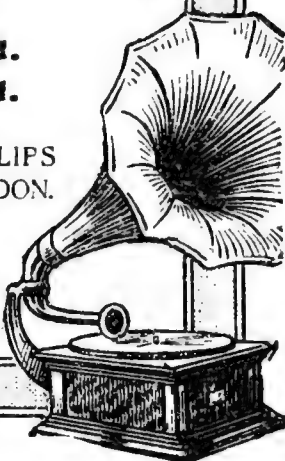
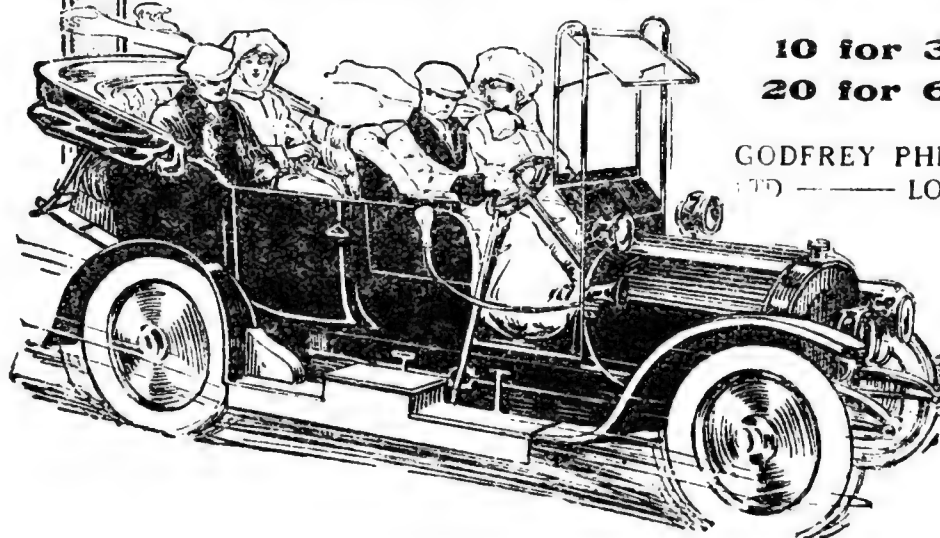
Each packet of Godfrey Phillips' Green Gold Flake Cigarettes contains full information as to how you may win a magnificent motor and its 12-months' upkeep, or any of the other valuable prizes offered. There is no entrance fee, and the conditions are very simple.

Remember always you are buying cigarettes of the purest quality, made full weight of soft, silky golden leaf, selected from the most famous crops during the past seven years, and allowed to mature in Bond until a perfect smoke is assured.

Purchase a packet of Gold Flake Cigarettes in the Green Packet, and take no other brand; only these contain full particulars of this unique prize distribution scheme.

**10 for 3d.
20 for 6d.**

**GODFREY PHILLIPS
LTD — LONDON.**





RECORD PRIZES.

I HAVE already answered T. J. K.'s question more than once. I repeat that I have not only offered but am now paying the sum of £500 a YEAR FOR LIFE to one of my readers.

This is a prize we offered a few years ago, and the winner, Dr. Anderson, of Doncaster, has drawn nearly £10 every week since. We hope he will live long to enjoy the biggest prize ever paid by a weekly paper.

Another prize we are now paying is
£5 A WEEK FOR LIFE.

This was offered by *Pearson's Weekly* in 1904, and won by Mr. E. J. Durham, Priory Avenue, Hastings, who receives a cheque every week for five golden sovereigns, and will continue to do so as long as he lives.

SAUCE.

"What and why does the lobster sauce?" This was my Footline question to the lady readers in a recent issue, and here are some of the smart replies:

The lobster sauced "The fishmonger because it had an aching void, and no 'sole' to 'fillet'."

Another lady says the lobster sauced "The cook, because she got him into hot water, and made him turn red all over."

A Scottish reader says the lobster sauced "The fisherman, because they lived for 'net' profit alone."

A list of winners in Footline Contests appears on page 954, and more prizes are again offered in this week's Footline Competitions.

AN F.A.F. PUZZLE.

MR. HUGH PRICE is an enthusiastic Fresh Air Funder. So keen is he to help the children that he employs his spare time inventing dodges for getting the nimble ninpence out of his friends. His latest invention is a puzzle-box, about which he writes: "Herewith please find inclosed a little puzzle-box containing 21s. This represents the profits on the sale of these boxes up to date. I am sending you also the solution of the puzzle, for I am quite convinced that you will not be able to get at the 21s.—unless you are told the secret! I suggest that you sell these boxes for the Fresh Air Fund, and ask those who buy a box not to divulge the secret of its opening to a friend unless the latter also agrees to buy one."

Mr. Price's puzzle-box is beautifully made of polished oak. He asks one shilling for the secret of opening the box, and to anyone sending him a postal order for that amount he will send them the wonderful puzzle money-box with full instructions how to open it.

The profit from these boxes Mr. Price will hand over to the F.A.F. Those who buy the boxes are asked only to reveal the secret of opening them to their friends who are prepared to buy a box themselves and puzzle their friends with it.

Mr. Hugh Price's address is Rathmore, Stourbridge, so if you want his puzzle money-box, send him one shilling. It's one of the best puzzles we've seen!

TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

THERE are very few places in the world where *Pearson's Weekly* is not to be found. Apart from copies sent out to far-off newsagents, many readers at home post P.W. regularly to distant friends. CURIOUS is one, and writes: "Is the following a record for P.W.? My brother has just taken up an appointment on Pleasant Island in the Central Pacific. The island is only thirty miles in circumference and receives a visit from the outside world once a month, weather permitting. To this island I am sending my copies of P.W. when I have finished with them."

It is not a record as far as distance is concerned, CURIOUS, for thousands of copies of *Pearson's Weekly* are sent to Australia and New Zealand every week. But Pleasant Island is probably one of the most out-of-the-way spots to which the paper goes. I think one of the most extraordinary places in which P.W. has ever been found is the hut of a savage chief in the heart of Africa. Whether his dusky majesty looked upon it as a great fetish, I don't know, but certainly he had treasured it

for many a long day, and kept it in good condition. I should like to hear from your brother and anything interesting he has to tell me about Pleasant Island, by the way.

A PECULIAR PARAGRAPH.

FROM far-away Australia J. T. W. writes: "It is rumoured out here that *Pearson's* Pincher pinched a *Pearson's* penknife. If *Pearson's* Pincher pinched a *Pearson's* penknife, where is the *Pearson's* penknife that *Pearson's* Pincher pinched? If you recover the *Pearson's* penknife that *Pearson's* Pincher pinched, please pack the *Pearson's* penknife that *Pearson's* Pincher pinched in a piece of *Pearson's* Weekly, and post it to me."

Certainly, J. T. W. The *Pearson's* penknife that Pincher pinched has been recovered as you suggest, and is now in the palms of the Post Office, who will personally deliver the packet to you.

AN UNREASONABLE WISH.

WORRIED writes me: "I am twenty-eight and have been engaged for seven years. My sweetheart is in a good position, and has pressed me to fix the date of our wedding ever since the early days of our engagement. I love my boy and, had I only myself to consider, I would marry him to-morrow; but my mother has been dead for some years, and father has only me to look after him. Father begs me not to marry until after he dies, but now my boy tells me he is getting tired of waiting and says he must marry me this summer or he will go abroad. It would break my heart to lose my boy, but I don't want to annoy father, for he is over sixty. Please tell me what to do?"

There is only one thing you can do, WORRIED. Marry the man you love as soon as he wishes. You have waited long enough, and no father has a right to expect a daughter to wait until after his death before marrying. It is quite possible that your father may live another twenty years, and you can scarcely expect your sweetheart to wait all that time for you. Thus you will be left at forty-eight without father or lover, and little or no chance of marriage.

A NOVEL PROPOSAL.

E. A. WRITES: "The following lines may be of interest to your readers. They are beautifully engraved on the reverse of a William III. shilling, and, according to the story told me, is the actual proposal of a great-grandfather of mine."

"Prithce, Nancy, speak thy mind:

Am I the man, or no?

If I am not, be so kind

To tell me plainly so;

If my passion you approve,

I'm your faithful lover;

If you can't return my love,

I must try another."

Thank you, E. A. That is quite a pretty and novel proposal and deserves the penknife I am sending to you. With it you might be able to cut a similar proposal—unless that deed is already done!

A LOVER-IN-ARMS!

OURT a man to sit on a girl's knee? What a question to ask. But LITTLE LOVER is not at all afraid to ask it. He tells me that his sweetheart is much bigger than he is and a great deal stronger too. "I tried to nurse her once," he says, "but had to give it up. I really couldn't do it. Do you think I ought to let her nurse me?"

I'm sorry for LITTLE LOVER. It must be very awkward to have to sit on your lady-love's knee. It seems so babyish, doesn't it? But still LITTLE LOVER, if you can't make yourself bigger and stronger, and I suppose you've tried, and so long as the lady doesn't object it seems the only way out of the difficulty. In any case, I would not worry myself about it too much. By all means let her nurse you if she wants to.

A HAND-SHAKE OR A BOW.

BASHEUL is puzzled on a point of etiquette. He writes me a long letter chiefly interesting on account of the fact that he goes many a weary mile round before he comes to what he really wants to say. After a struggle with the pages of his letter, which were not numbered (too bad, BASHEUL!), I discovered what it was that was troubling him. In a word, then, he wants to know whether a gentleman should shake hands with a lady when he is first introduced to her or not—

Well, BASHEUL, strict speaking you should not, but many ladies very charmingly offer the hand; and, of course, when they do, by all means give it a gentle shake. When a lady doesn't do this, make a pretty bow—nothing more. See?

RULES FOR FOOTLINE COMPETITIONS.

1. All answers or attempts must be written on postcards, addressed to the Editor, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
2. You may take part in any number of these footline competitions, but your reply to each must be written on a separate postcard.
3. Each postcard must bear the usual signature of the competitor in ink. Names and addresses may not be typewritten or printed.
4. Each competitor must give his or her real address. Unless this condition is complied with, the competitor forfeits his or her right to a prize.
5. Mark each postcard with the name of the competition for which it is intended in the top left-hand corner. You will find this name in the announcement of the competition in the footline. Provided these conditions are fulfilled all the postcards may be sent in one envelope marked "Postcard" in the top left-hand corner, but each postcard must bear the full name and address of the sender.
6. All attempts must arrive not later than Tuesday March 18th.
7. Each competition will be judged separately, and the prizes, as announced in the footlines, will be awarded to the efforts considered the best.
8. In the event of tie for a money prize, the prize will be divided, and, where the awards are gifts, the prizes will be awarded at the discretion of the Editor.

This Insurance Scheme covers any person travelling as a passenger in any part of Great Britain or Ireland.

OVER £13,000 ALREADY PAID

We pay any number of claims in respect of each accident—not the first claim only.

£1,000 RAILWAY
£100 RAILWAY
£100 CYCLING
£100 AEROPLANE

INSURANCE.
(For terms see below.)

505 CLAIMS ALREADY PAID,

including three of £2,000 and one of £1,000.

This Insurance holds good for any number of claims of £1,000 each—not for one only. £1,000 specially guaranteed by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to whom notices of claim, under the following conditions, must be sent within seven days to the above address.

£1,000 will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident in Great Britain or Ireland in the person, or train in which the deceased was travelling as a passenger (including post office servants on railway sorting vans), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum shall be paid to the legal representative of such person injured, should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within seven days of its occurrence.

£100 In the event of a person, not being a railway servant on duty, nor a suicide, nor engaged in an illegal act, having the current number of *Pearson's Weekly* on him, or her, at the time of being killed by a railway accident in the United Kingdom, although not by an accident to any train in which he, or she, may be travelling as a passenger, the legal representative of the deceased will receive the sum of ONE HUNDRED POUNDS, whether the coupon be signed or not, provided notice in every case be given to the OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED, 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., within seven days of the occurrence of the accident.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of any cyclist who meets his death by accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that death occurred at the time of such accident had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on this page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address within three days of its occurrence. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to the legal representative of anyone dying as the direct and sole result of injuries inflicted upon him (or her) within the United Kingdom by a falling aeroplane, provided that death occurs within twenty-four hours from the receipt of the injuries, that he (or she) shall prior to the accident have signed this Coupon-Insurance Ticket in the space provided at the foot, that he (or she) was not at the time on the aeroplane or engaged in aeronautics, and that notice of the accident be given to the Corporation within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are of the essence of the contract. This insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to the conditions of, the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Risks Nos. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months subscription for *PEARSON'S WEEKLY* in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....

Available from 9 a.m. Monday, March 10th, 1913, until midnight, Monday, March 17th, 1913.

Note.—A prize for each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page or whose suggestion for a title is used.

Eckford's

GIANT SWEET PEAS



DON'T BUY DEAD SEED.

In choosing your collection remember that Eckford's Sweet Peas are all real live seeds and strong growers, every plant needs to be placed at least six inches apart, so that while you may buy more seed for the money, remember a cheaper collection may not be so profitable. There is a great deal of rubbish being sold nowadays as Eckford's Sweet Peas, but they are not Eckford's unless direct from Wem. If you have bought Sweet Peas elsewhere, you have not got Eckford's. We have many thousands of customers in every part of the globe, and they are all enthusiastic about Eckford's Seeds. Large flowers, longer stems, brighter colours, and a profusion of bloom will be the result of growing Eckford's Seeds.

SPECIAL NOVELTIES FOR 1913.

GUSTAV HAMEL.—This is a magnificent plant and free-flowering variety of a rich rose overlaid with salmon. It is beautifully waved and four-flowered, possessing a bold upright standard. In shape it is just what a waved Sweet Pea ought to be. The plant is a strong grower, needing plenty of room. In scaled packets 5 seeds 1/3; 10, 2/6.

CLEMATIS (Grandiflora Type).—This beautiful self is quite an advance in colour, being best described as a "Clematis Jackmanii" blue. As a garden variety it is most attractive, the vines being literally clothed with lovely blue flowers which are generally borne in threes on long strong stems. In scaled packets, 5 seeds, 6d.; 10, 1/-.

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS FOR 1913.

EXHIBITORS' "C" COLLECTION.

24 charming Giant Waved varieties for exhibition or any purpose, 10 seeds of each, as follows:—
Apple Blossom (Waved), pink.
Apricot, apricot.
Asta Ohn, lavender.
Captain of the Blues (Waved), blue.
Clarise, coriase.
Clara Curtis, primrose.
Constance Oliver, creamy pink.
Countess Spencer, pink.
Dorothy Tennant (Waved), mauve.
Ella Dyke, white.
Evelyn Hemus, creamy pink.
Also 10 seeds each of Pink Pearl, pink; Phenomenal, blue; and Frank Dolby, lavender; and Helen Lewis, salmon. Gratis.
Price 5/6. Post Free for Cash.

VILLA "B" COLLECTION.

24 choice varieties, a splendid range of colour for garden effect and cutting, 50 seeds of each, as follows:—
Agnes Eckford, pink.
A. J. Cook (slightly Waved), lavender.
Black Knight, maroon.
Captain of the Blues, blue.
Dorothy Eckford, white.
Frank Dolby (slightly Waved), lavender.
Gladys Unwin (slightly Waved), pink.
Helen Lewis (Waved), salmon.
Mrs. Chas. Mander (Waved), mauve.
Phenomenal (slightly Waved), blue.
Picotee edge.
Miss Willmott, salmon.
Also 10 seeds of each of Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes (Waved), pink; and Countess Spencer (Waved), pink. Gratis.
Price 5/6. Post Free for Cash.

FREE.

Send a postcard today for large illustrated and colour catalogue. It gives full particulars of all novelties in Sweet Peas for 1913, and contains full list of all Flower and Vegetable Seeds.

EXHIBITORS' "D" COLLECTION.

12 charming Giant Waved varieties, splendid for exhibition or any purpose, 10 seeds of each, as follows:—
Asta Ohn, lavender.
Countess Spencer, pink.
Dorothy Tennant (Waved), mauve.
Ella Dyke, white.
Evelyn Hemus, creamy pink.
Also 10 seeds of each of Clarise, coriase; and Helen Lewis, salmon. Gratis.
Price 2/9. Post Free for Cash.

VILLA "C" COLLECTION.

12 choice varieties, suitable for garden effect and cutting, 50 seeds of each, as follows:—
Agnes Eckford, pink.
A. J. Cook (slightly Waved), lavender.
Black Knight, maroon.
Dorothy Eckford, white.
Frank Dolby (slightly Waved), lavender.
Helen Lewis (Waved), salmon.
Also 5 seeds of each of Countess Spencer (Waved), pink; and Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes (Waved), pink. Gratis.
Price 2/9. Post Free for Cash.

HALF VILLA "B" COLLECTION.

24 choice varieties. The same as the VILLA "B" exactly, only 25 seeds of each variety. Also 5 seeds of each of Countess Spencer (Waved), pink; and Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes (Waved), pink. Gratis.
Price 3/-. Post Free for Cash.

VILLA "D" COLLECTION.

12 choice varieties. The same as the VILLA "D" exactly, only 25 seeds of each. Also 5 seeds of each of Countess Spencer (Waved), pink; and Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes (Waved), pink. Gratis.
Price 1/6.

HENRY ECKFORD, F.R.H.S., Sweet Pea Specialist (Dept. 105), WEM, SHROPSHIRE.

We send out the finest lot of patterns of any tailor.



Fit - Style Comfort - Value

These are the four chief points to insist upon having in your Suit for Spring and Summer wear.

Catesbys Ltd. would consider their work incomplete if all these points were not characteristic of every article of clothing they create. The cumulative experience of extensive trading tells them what are the distinctive features of satisfactory clothing, and they make accordingly. ¶ Whatever the price you pay, we fit you perfectly, supply the most up-to-date distinctiveness in style; the comfort of soft and durable material; faultless workmanship even to the most obscure stitch; and absolute value all combine in making the "Burlington" Suit "something different." If only one characteristic were missing Catesbys Ltd. would be ordinary tailors—nothing more.

Send for our Catalogue, you will quickly recognise the service we offer is unique, and the claims we make are true.

The fact that we return your money if your expectations are not met emphasises our determination to satisfy you. Our cash discount is 2s. in the £. Say whether dark or light patterns are desired.

"BURLINGTON" SUIT.

Made to Measure. **35/-** Easy Terms.

Write for patterns at once. With patterns and simple self-measurement form we send a splendidly illustrated book of styles.

CATESBYS LTD.

(DEPT. 7),

64-67 Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

Every suit made to measure.

PARK DRIVE CIGARETTES



Park Drive Parodies. No. 9—"Don't count your chickens before they're hatched!"

10 FOR TWO COPPERS

FIRST PRIZE

£300

700 Prizes of 5s. -

SECOND PRIZE, £50.

THIRD PRIZE, £25.

1,000 Consolation Gifts.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO.

First of all, choose one of the words or phrases given opposite for "Middles." Then construct a "Middle" of two or three words which shall have some bearing on the chosen word or phrase. The first word of your "Middle" must begin with either of the two middle letters in heavy type in the list opposite, and the second and third with any of the letters in the alphabet used either once or twice. For instance, suppose you take the word "STEW," the centre letters of which are "T" and "E." Use, say, the letter "E" as the initial for the first word and, say, "D" and "F" for the second and third and we get "EATEN FOR DINNER." Or, using the same word "STEW," we could use the letter "T" as initial for our first word and say "C" for the second word and we get "TEMPTING CONCOCTION."

MAKE "MIDDLES" FROM THESE WORDS.

DEAR	STICKING STAMPS	FIELD-MARSHAL	GOOD EXCUSE	OLD SPOT
HARD UP	MOONLIGHT NIGHT	NICELY THANKS	BURNED HOME	SOFT SOAP
LEGACY	MYSTERY AIRSHIP	BRAINY PEOPLE	WOMAN WATERS	GAY DOG
POISON	SWEET SEVENTEEN	NOTHING DOING	BROKER'S MAN	NAPOLEON
STEW	STOCKING CLOCKS	MOTOR TRAFFIC	WANTED BLESSING	
DAMAGE	SPOONY COUPLE	WOMEN WORKERS	MATCHMAKER	WET PAINT
LOVE	MERRY ENGLAND	TRAMP'S BATH	FAT CHEQUES	POWDER
LENT	CROWDED TRAIN	SHOP WALKER	RED ROSES	MURDER

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry form or they will be disqualified.
2. Names and addresses must be written in ink in the space provided. Typewriting and black lead pencil cannot be accepted.
3. When you have filled up the entry form, cut it out, attach to it a postal order for 6d., and place it in an envelope addressed to the Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.
4. Mark your envelope "Middles No. 57," in the top left-hand corner.
5. All attempts must arrive on or before Tuesday, March 13th.
6. There are two entry forms; you may use one or both. You may write two "Middles" on each. If you use the two entry forms a postal order for 1s. must be sent.
7. Everyone who enters must send a sixpenny postal order for each attempt. The P.O. must be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., and must be crossed "A/C." in the manner shown in this example. The number must be written in the space provided on the entry form. Where one P.O. is sent, the value is sent to cover more than one entry form; the number of this P.O. must be written on each entry form.
8. The first prize will be awarded to the sender of the "Middle" considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of ideas will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one a "Middle" thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize will be divided among all such senders.
9. Other prizes will be awarded by the adjudicators amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.
10. The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.
11. No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.
12. The published decision is final, and competitors may enter on this understanding only.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 57.

WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLE."
57	
I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."	
Signed	[No. of P.O.]
Address	

If you use the above entry form send a postal order for 6d.; if you use both the one above and the one below send 1s.

ENTRY FORM, "MIDDLES," NO. 57.

WORD SELECTED.	"MIDDLE."
57	
I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in "Pearson's Weekly."	
Signed	[No. of P.O.]
Address	

RESULT OF "MIDDLES" No. 53.

FIRST PRIZE, £200.

The first prize of £200 has been awarded to: **WALTER JACKSON, Alrewas Schools, Burton-on-Trent**, for the "Middle":—

"HAND PAINTED"—ANCESTORS' PREHISTORIC ARTS.

The second prize of £50 has been awarded to: **STANLEY F. DOWN, 62 Chelsea Park, Euston, Bristol**, for the "Middle":—

"MERRY NIGHTS"—"NOT'S"—"SCREW" TAPPED.

The third prize of £25 has been awarded to: **HARRY S. TROUSDALE, 29 Portia Street, Hirst, Ashington, Northumberland**, for the "Middle":—

"ENGAGEMENT RINGS"—EXPENSIVE TO "REFUSE."

The fourth prize of £20 has been awarded to: **JOHN A. PARKIN, 154 Wakefield Road, Mouldgreen, Huddersfield**, for the "Middle":—

"GREAT DRAWBACK"—RECIPIENT'S ARMS AMPUTATED.

Prizes of £10 each have been awarded to: **CHAS. B. GOFTON, 3 Brisslee Avenue, Tyne-month**, for the "Middle":—

"MERRY NIGHTS"—"NAP" NOT "NAPPING."

and Miss **GLADYS BALDWIN, "Linfold," Redoubt Rd., Eastbourne**, for the "Middle":—

"MERRY NIGHTS"—"NAP" NOT SLEEP.

A Prize of £5 has been awarded to:

ROBERT HAMILTON, 61 Cambridge Drive, Kelvinside N., Glasgow.

A Prize of £5 has been divided by **Jos. A. SCOTT, 28 Cathedral St., Glasgow**, and **JOHN WALLACE, 41 Calvert St., Middlesbrough.**

PRIZES OF 10s. EACH.

Alexander, J. F., 171 Ho. West Promenade, Duffield.
 Allen, J. M., 7 Cuckoo St., London.
 Arnold, C. B., 32 Lonsdale St., Greenwich, M. Ter.
 Baker, E. D., 20 Lonsdale St., Greenwich, M. Ter.
 Baker, W. D., 18 Moray Place, Edinburgh.
 Birkett, W., 25 Jefferson Rd., Sheerness-on-Sea.
 Bisset, T. H., 16 Alfred St., Glasgow.
 Bisset, W., 167 O'Connell Rd., Enfield Wash.
 Bisset, W., 119 Shrewsbury St., Old Trafford, Manchester.
 Bradfield, L., 102 Rye Rd., Abbeydale Rd., Sheffield.

Breck, G., 21 Wardlaw St., Edinburgh.
 Brooks, H. H., 26 Alderley Rd., Hammersmith, W.
 Brookes, E. M., 11 Abington St., Birmingham.
 Burnett, A., Thorn Green, Nab Wood, Saltaire, Yorks.
 Buttery, S., 38 Vore St., Crew, Cheshire.
 Carrick, G., 69 Harelock St., Hesale Rd., Hull.
 Cox, Mrs. W. R., 48 St. Stuart St., Glasgow.
 Curry, Miss E. M., Parkhurst, Epsom.
 Dean, J. W., 232 Oxford Rd., Basford Park, Stoke-on-Trent.
 Dickson, J., 6 Newhaven Rd., Leith, N.B.
 Eason, G., West Hove, Surrey.
 Egan, P., 83 Heath Lodge, Woking.
 Egan, J., 83 Heath Lodge, Woking.
 Fowler, Miss M. G., 7 Elm St., Plymouth.
 Fuller, Mrs. C., 108 Uplands Rd., Haverly, N.
 Glover, A., 36 Pelrus St., Caterley Lane, Rodley, Leeds.
 Golder, A. W., 18 1st Cross Rd., Twickenham.
 Gower, H., 252 Bury Rd., East Dulwich, S.E.
 Greenwood, A. J., 32 Sebastian Ave., Calabita, Cardiff.
 Guarnery, H., Bredon, nr. Tewkesbury.
 Haigh, S., 12 Water St., Gt. Harwood, Lancs.
 Hall, W., 2 Sunny-side Terr., Outwood, Wakefield.
 Hampton, E., Welbourn, Lincoln.
 Harker, K. M., Hill View, Oakland Ave., Cheltenham.
 Hooper, A., 85 Fore St., Redruth, Cornwall.
 Hopkins, J., 70 Gessio Rd., Watford.
 Howard, R. G., 72 St. Kilda Rd., W. Ealing.
 Houston, A., 668 City Rd., Sheffield.
 Johnson, Mrs. A., St. Benet's Boys' Home, Caversham, Reading.
 Johnstone, F., 3 Bismarck St., Oldham.
 Keight, A., 46 Park Rd., Aston, Bham.
 King, E., 59 Queen Charlotte St., Bristol.
 Lawrence, P. J., 72 Cornwell Rd., Bayswater.
 Lester, W. E., 2 Bulky Terr., Beaumaris.
 Linnell, J. G., 56 Poppleton Rd., Leytonstone.
 McKennie, J., 9 Logie Green Rd., Edinburgh.
 Mannix, T. J., Market Place, Ferry, Co. Cork.
 March, J., 15 Rolleston St., Warrington.
 Martin, M., 5 Queen's Ave., Windham Hill, N.
 Merritt, E., 79 Hagston Rd., Bishops Cleeve.
 Miller, Mrs. S., 56 Church Rd., Northwich.
 Mills, Mrs. J., 72 Cromwell Grove, Levenshulme.
 Money, W., 59 Shipstone Rd., Norwich.
 Mountain, H., 3 Brookly Place, Andley.
 Muller, E., Hembury House, Middlesbrough.
 Murphy, B., 7 Knocknagheal, Co. Kerry.
 Murphy, H., The Lodge, Shrewsbury House School, Sutton.
 Murphy, J. D., 8 Clifton Terr., Ranelagh Rd., Dublin.
 Murray, S., Shade Villa, Hinxton, Staffs.
 Nank, Miss, 21 Longshore Rd., Brixton, S.W.
 Norbury, J. H., 100 Lonsdale Rd., Ansbuth, Lpool.
 Ouse, F. M., 130 High St., W. Glasgow.
 Page, J., 55 Highgate St., Liverpool.
 Parker, A. W., 22 Roshen Rd., Birmingham.
 Parker, W., 21 Harrow St., Mr. Campsall, Mier.
 Pinner, Florence, Roudesberg, Bridlington.
 Richards, H. J., 167 New St., Torrington, Devon.
 Ridgway, Mrs., 30 May St., Hull.

Ritson, W., 11 Albert Terr., Northerton, Maryport.
 Rixon, E. G., 97 Mt. Pleasant, Tisbury.
 Roy, J. K., 20 Etoile Rd., Epsom.
 Salmon, A. E., 83 Palmcourt St., Manchester.
 Scott, N. J., 59 Parliament Hill Manor, Highgate Rd., N.W.
 Shaw, R., 6 Sutton St., Coole.
 Short, H. W., 36 Douglas St., Derby.
 Southwood, Mrs. M., 60 Holly Lane, Dham.
 Smith, H., 105 Flower Rd., Bham.
 Spence, J. K., 48 Leonard St., Arbroath, N.B.
 Stephenson, E. E., 35 Corporation Bldg., Shef.
 Stovell, C., 12 Rupert St., Reading.
 Swain, P. J., 79 Diana St., Cardiff.
 Tennock, Mrs. W., 32 Kelynsdale Ave., Glasgow.
 Thirk, S., 1 Kensington Grove, Hull.
 Thomas, W., 12 Payne St., Neath.
 Todd, W., 6 Enoch St., Manchester.
 Tyevenen, F., Cathcart, Kenwyn Rd., Torquay.
 Turnbull, J., 13 Queen's Park Ave., Edinburgh.
 Wallis, Miss A., 24 Abley Lane, Stafford, E.
 Ward, A., 5 Station Rd., Leeds.
 Ward, Mrs. A., 330 Glasgow Rd., Glasgow.
 Ward, J., 21 West Rd., St. Albans, Herts.
 Ware, C. H., 45 High St., Guernsey, C.I.
 Waterland, F., 22 Bertha View, Leeds.
 Weeks, Mrs. H., Clitenden Cott., Cranbrook, Kent.
 Whyte, Mrs. A., 29 Dempster St., Greenock.
 Wigninton, Mrs. M. E., Norton, Sekey.
 Wilmet, H., 15 Polton Rd., Greenwich, S.E.
 Wright, S., 10 Ladybarn Bldg., Greenock.
 Yard, Mrs. W., 45 Goldcroft, Yeovil, Somerset.

PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.

Atkins, M., 36 Hawkerbury Rd., Leicester.
 Back, G., Boughton Leas, Ashford, Kent.
 Baldson, A. E., 8 Grove Pl., Garden St., York.
 Birks, W., 5 Pendennis Rd., Seacombe, Cheshire.
 Bloxham, P., Llanrhos, Salford, Cheshire.
 Booth, A., 149 Queen's Parade, Scarborough, Yorks.
 Bradley, J., 3 New St. South, Bolton-on-Dearne, Yorks.
 Brown, Mrs. H., 375 Blue Bell Hill, Nottingham.
 Buckley, W. H., Stanton Hill, nr. Mansfield.
 Burbridge, J. S., Springfield House, St. Martin, Cornwall.
 Burnett, G., Meadowfield Rd., Bridlington.
 Campbell, Mrs. C., Honington, Grantham, Lincs.
 Chapman, H. S., Bystock, Essex.
 Childs, E. B., Sorrento Rd., Dalkey, Co. Dublin.
 Christie, W. E., 41 Latham St., Stanley Rd., Liverpool.
 Claydon, C. W., Balfour St., E. Bowling, Bradford.
 Cole, S., Devonshire Hotel, Bexhill-on-Sea.
 Cole, E. H., New Factory, Newtown, Chesham, Bucks.
 Collett, S. J., Redboro' Ave., Stroud, Glas.
 Cook, R. S., Greenhill, Middleton Junction.
 Cook, T. D., 15 Sudbuck St., Southwick-on-Wear.
 Cowley, J. N., Highcroft, Bovingdon, Herts.
 Cutcliffe, L., 13 Sedlescombe Rd., N. Hastings.
 Daniels, H., Shurdington Rd., Chichester.
 Deakin, L., 40 Buckingham Rd., Chichester.
 Fowler, J., Park Terrace, Wigton.
 Dixon, W., Path Head, Wooler, Northumberland.
 Downard, A., 97 Huxkisson St., Liverpool.
 Doyle, T., 3 Waterley Terr., Coleraine.

Dunnett, F. W., Wisset, Halesworth, Suffolk.
 Dively, H., 74 Springdale Rd., Stoke Newington, N.
 East, C. W., Burford, Oxon.
 Ewing, T., Avonmore, 3 Leamouth St., Farnham.
 Few, W. E., 5 Park Rd., Wembley, N.W.
 Florence, J., 13 Denne Rd., Horsham.
 Fowell, E. G., 7 Kewell Rd., Lordship Lane, N.
 Gillespie, J. B., Edgemont Gdns., Langsdowne, N.
 Gray, F. J., 47 The Square, Droydsden, Mids.
 Grey, J., Hawtress, New Cumnock, Ayrshire.
 Hanks, A. T., Reginald Rd., Bearwood, Salsbury.
 Harper, B., 93 Kingston Rd., Birmingham.
 Herrod, Miss L., Barker St., Huttliwaite, Notts.
 Hill, J. S., 15 Hall Top Rd., Oxford.
 Hope, R., 6 Shaftesbury Ave., Bedford.
 Howard, A., 45 Fenchurch, Richmond, Yorks.
 Hughes, Mrs. S. H., 74 High St., Chichester, W. Glam.
 Hull, H. W., 11 Coleman St., Southport, Mer.
 Jackson, J. A., 23 Maple Gdns., Maple Rd., Surbiton.
 Jones, S., Duke of York Inn, Mayfield Rd., Ayr.
 Kesteven, Derbyshire.
 Kenyon, A. B., High St., Leham, Middlesbrough.
 Kinkham, Sgt., 1st Royal Warrant, Regt., Shorncliffe.
 Knight, T., 67 Northfield Rd., New Milton, Farnham.
 Knowles, P., 108 Howard St., Salford, Mids.
 Last, C., 6 Blackfriars Place, Chesham.
 Laphorn, Mrs., 9 Maple Grove, Motters.
 Long, W., Provender House, Faversham, Kent.
 Mead, P. F., 1 Parkside Cottage, Newmarket.
 Millard, H., 14 Exeter St., Cottingham, Yorks.
 Mills, A. L., 168 Gordon Rd., Nottingham.
 Minnett, H., 102 Standon Pk., Honor Oak Park, Kent.
 Moon, J., 50 Chester Rd., East Ham, E.
 Morgan, G., Bank Cott., North Rd., Abingdon, Berks.
 Mowforth, A., Hedon, Hull.
 Mudd, C., 25 Martins Lane, Liscard, Cheshire.
 Nicholson, F. S., 205 Walsgrave Rd., Coventry.
 Nilsen, Mrs. A., 5 Lion Hill Place, Loughborough.
 Nobbs, G., 38 Old Nelson St., Lowestoft.
 Penney, E. J., Martin's, Abbotts Langley, Herts.
 Perry, Miss L., 2 Landscape Terr., Epsom.
 Power, W., Boomjee 26, Almelo, Holland.
 Pugh, T. H., H.M. Office of Works, Bham.
 Ralston, R. F., Inales, Alexander St., Dundee.
 Ramsden, T. R., 9 Powell St., Burnley.
 Roberts, A., Victoria Rd., Falmouth, Cornwall.
 Robinson, Mrs. W., 69 Maynard Rd., Waltham, Essex.
 Robinson, H. C., 261/2 Dockway Sq., N. Shore.
 Rowe, R. H., 6 Clifton Cottages, Falmouth.
 Sacker, G., 124 Burlington Rd., Desborough, Leics.
 Shanks, J., Railway St., Lisburn, Ireland.

(Remainder of names omitted owing to lack of space. A complete list can, however, be seen at the offices of "Pearson's Weekly.")

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FAIRGOOD

the Tip-Tip-Top Again

£500

UNDIVIDED FIRST PRIZE

Weekly Dispatch Finals, February 9th, 1913.

**A GOOD CONSCIENCE—
AUSTERE DICTATOR EVER.**

Solution SUPPLIED BY ME to Mr. E. W. P., of Berkswell, and I forfeit £300 if this statement is not absolutely correct. Eight solutions for three shillings and one of them brings the magnificent return of FIVE HUNDRED GOLDEN SOVEREIGNS!!!

A small fortune follows others of £350 in "Answers," £200 in "Answers," Three Premier Prizes in "Tit-Bits," £100 and £100 in "Weekly Dispatch," Three Premier Prizes in your favourite paper. All of all these have already appeared in my advertisements, and sent to every applicant.

I am going "great guns" just now, with numerous prizes every week, and, if you want solutions that have a really fine chance of winning, try a monthly or quarterly subscription with me at 10/- per year. Have your solutions from the advertiser who gives PROPER PROOF of plenty of BIG Wins, and who does not try to mesmerise you with more talk, talk, talk!

Don't wait—send now. YOU may be the next.

TERMS for all Solutions: 4 for 1s.

PRIZE-WINNING SPECIALS (similar to my £350 and £500 Winners), 1s.; 4 for 1s. 6d.; 8 for 3s. Monthly terms: 2 weekly, 3s.; 4 weekly, 6s.; 6 weekly, 8s. Enclose sufficient stamped addresses. 10 per cent. commission on prizes over £1.

C. FAIRGOOD, 117 Kirkwood Rd., Peckham.

BURDETT'S BRILLIANT BRAIN

has a wonderful effect on almost every prize list. "Marvellous!" Burdett's clients exclaim. "Is he indeed a magician?" they ask. Frankly, I am myself surprised at my phenomenal success. I have probably more to do with securing the big prizes than any solutionist living. Here is evidence of a most convincing nature:—

A "FINALS" PRIZE-WINNER'S GLOWING PRAISE.

Dear Sir,—It is a long time since I wrote to you that I have won a prize (100/-) with the first week's efforts I have received from you after testing numerous solutions all the advertised solutions. I am very anxious of getting frequently in the prize lists if you continue to send me the same class of solutions, which cannot help but catch the judge's eye by their originality and wit.

This is typical of the numerous testimonials I receive weekly.

My Special Offer: 4 Brilliant Exclusive Specials, 1s., and 15% commission. (Please send stamped addresses).

So that you may prove for yourself the magnificent quality of my efforts, I will send you

FREE

Winning Solutions (any Competition) upon receipt of stamped addressed envelope. SEND NO MONEY. IT'S ABSOLUTELY FREE.

MAX BURDETT (Dept. 10), 9 Pirbright Rd., Wandsworth, London.

NOTE—All my efforts are written by hand—NOT "typewritten." No. 10

**SEND
THE
COUPON
FOR 2
FREE
TRIAL
MIDDLES**

I ask you to test "A Keylock Middle" for yourself—to "try before you buy." I know what Keylock efforts have done, and are doing, for hundreds of competitors—and I know I can do the same for you. You cannot afford to miss an opportunity of winning from £100 to £300 for nothing, so fill up the coupon to day and take the first step towards success.

To Mr. C. KEYLOCK,
THE COMPETITION WIZARD, SOUTH STREET, HULL.

Please send me Two FREE Trial Efforts for... (names and addresses) from clients who have with your aid. I enclose stamped address and agree to pay you 3s. in the first win results.

Name.....

Address.....

P.W. March 13, 1913.

3/- at 200,000% = £300

£300 for 3/-.

HAPPY is the man nowadays who makes 5 per cent. on his capital. Yet, last month I had the pleasant experience of making 200,000 per cent. for a Mutton client. The winner in "ANSWERS" SIMPLETS, dated January 18th, 1913, sent me 3s. for 2 "WINNING SPECIALS" for 1 week. One of the efforts I sent him was:—

"Travellers' Tales—Thousands Need Shaving,"

and this effort won him the magnificent sum of £300. Thus his 3s., through my aid, was returned to him in one month 2,000 fold, or at the rate of 200,000 per cent. Think of it—£300 for 30 seconds' work—and you may be just as fortunate. In the same issue of "ANSWERS," January 18th, I won an Irish client the **SECOND PRIZE** of

£50 for 1/-.

The winning effort was:—

"Sailors' Home—Sweetens Roughest Experiences."

Another client—on the same day, mark you—won

£100 FIRST PRIZE

in your FAVOURITE CONTEST

with one of my "WINNING SPECIALS."

The task I have set myself of making fortunes for other people is no doubt interesting to YOU. Why not send to me yourself and let me try to make a fortune for you? I should esteem it a pleasure to number you amongst my clientele. Just try the **FORTUNE BUILDER** and see what he can do for YOU.

Any advertiser can tell you £300 has been won 4 times and £250 10 times, but no advertiser has, or can give you proof of winning them for clients. Recently I have won £300 TWICE, and £250 FIVE TIMES; that is the **RECORD** so far, of which I am the proud possessor.

All the above prizes were won by my client's in one week—notice the date—January 18th, 1913. Remember, all the winners I publish owe their success to their foresight in selecting the best Competition Specialist and Record Holder of Big Wins. Will you be wise and follow their example? It rests with YOU. "The Competitor," containing proof of wins (all Firsts and Premiers) to the value of over £2,000, sent on receipt of stamped address.

TERMS (Any Contest):

"WINNING SPECIALS" (equal to my FIRST PRIZE WINNERS), 2 for 1-; 4 for 1/6; 8 for 3/-, and stamped address.

MONTHLY TERMS: 2 "Winning Specials" weekly, 3-; 4 weekly, 5/6; 6 weekly, 8/-; 8 weekly, 10/-, and 4 stamped addressed envelopes.

Stamped Addressed Envelopes for all Replies. 15 per cent. commission on all wins over £1 in value.

PEARSON HELLIWELL, Competition Journalist,
Stechford, BIRMINGHAM

SEE
Competition Announcement,
Page 955.

SOLUTIONS.
"Middles," "Heads and Tails," &c.
Guaranteed no duplicates. Trial Two Specials 6d. or four per week for four weeks 3s. eight weeks 6s.
Charles Platt, 60 Stapleton Rd., Upper Tooting, S.W.

TEST OUR SKILL

FREE! NO WIN, NO PAY!

The Competitors' Mutual Society

Has a reputation to be proud of. Over 2,000 Premier Prizes, and a total of 17,113 reported by members during 1912; 73 per cent. of 3 months and upward members won, and we prove our assertions in the "Prize-Winners' Chronicle," sent free.

We have the services of **CLEVER COMPETITION EXPERTS**, all of proved ability and First-Prize Winners. It is the cleverest staff that has ever been got together in the history of Competitions, and at the head we have **A RESIDENT EXPERT** in receipt of £200 a year. We pay our staff well; we can afford to, our wins are so many and our commissions big. The efforts we send out are the **BEST BRILLIANT BRAINS CAN EVOLVE!**

Finals, Heads or Tails, Sallies, Middles, Bullets, Triangles, etc., evolved by our Staff are first criticised, and unless having a Winning Chance are not sent out. Every day of the week we receive spontaneous letters of thanks from delighted winners.

REPUTATION WITHOUT BLEMISH BEATS BOUNCE!

LOOK AT -	£350		WON ONCE
THESE - -	£300		WON FOUR TIMES.
WINS - - -	£250		WON TEN TIMES.
	£100		WON THIRTEEN TIMES.
	£5 to £50		won Hundreds of Times.

One member has won over 100 prizes, another 39, scores over 12.

NO CHARGE WHATEVER FOR EFFORTS. YOU PAY US ONLY WHEN YOU WIN.

As follows: 5s. prize 9d.; 10s., 1s. 6d.; £1 or over, 2s. 6d. in the £.

SEND 1d. STAMP FOR 2 SPECIAL EFFORTS

(any paper) and we will guarantee you to receive two as good as any you will pay 6d. or 1s. for, and **LIKELY WINNERS.**

Remember, IT'S FREE!!
SEND NOW, IF NOT, WHY NOT?

Address: SUPT., C.M.S., 26 North Bar Without, BEVERLEY.

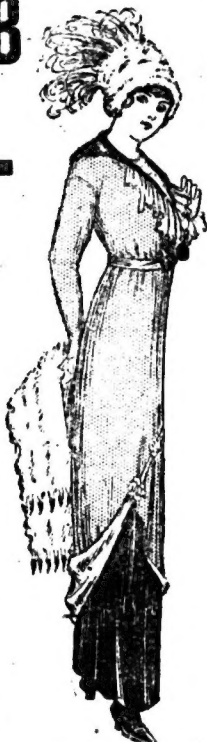


This is the Ambrose Wilson Magneto Corset.

THIS SUPERB (Gold Medal) CORSET SENT FOR 1/-

Mr. Ambrose Wilson's Marvellous Invention, "The Corset that Cures," is now within the reach of every woman who fills in and sends to-day the Coupon below.

Beauty, Charm, Grace, and above all GOOD HEALTH, assured to all who wear "The Corset that Cures."



This is the charming effect it produces.

I WANT every lady who reads this to know that she can have at once a pair of my beautiful "New Model" (Gold Medal) Magneto Corsets sent direct to her address in return for a P.O. for 1/-.

From the moment when you put them on you begin to feel a ceaseless stream of Magnetic Power permeating your whole body from head to heel.



for one of my Magneto increasing army of happy wearers of the most wonderful invention.

The joy of New Life, of New Health, and New Vigour thrills through every nerve. You feel a different woman. Your outlook upon life is different—brighter, happier, and more hopeful.

I want every woman who reads this to think for herself what it means to be thoroughly healthy, supremely vigorous, always to enjoy Life, not for an hour, not for a day, but for always. I want her to send Corsets, and join the vast and



First fill in the Coupon.

The price of my Corset is not pounds, it is only shillings. The price is 5 11, but I do not ask you to send me that amount. All I ask is that you send me a postal order for 1/-, and by return of post I will send you a pair of my Magneto Corsets that will fit you like a glove. It will be a red-letter day to you the day you receive the Corsets, because it will be the beginning of new life.

New Life and New Vigour can now be assured to all. Are you rheumatic? Yes. Then you can drive these pains out in less than a week. Are you nervous, run down, not up to the mark? Yes. Then you can banish these troubles and be strong and vigorous. Do you have headaches, neuralgia, fits of depression, mind-wandering? Do you feel you want to do things but you cannot because you lack the Will Power? In a word, if you are not in full possession of all your mental and physical powers the way has been opened up to you by which you can regain them.



Post your letter at once.



Then get a Postal Order for 1/-



And the Postman will bring the Corsets to your door.

"ON APPROVAL." **COUPON** POST TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON
("Corset Dept. 127"), Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your full name and address on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Corset" on approval. I enclose 1/-, and if I do not immediately return Corset I will pay you the balance of 4 11 either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

Size of Waist, ... Bust, ... Hips, ...
Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount and 1/- extra for postage.

10,000 of my Marvellous Magneto Belt

SENT AT ONCE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL ORDER FOR



Mr. Ambrose Wilson, the Inventor of the Magneto Belt.

1/-



Be a Man. Be Strong. Be Vigorous. Be Courageous and Self-reliant. Don't Be Down-hearted. Have a Bright Brain, a Healthy Body, and Iron Nerves, by wearing one of my Magneto Belts.

The weak can now be made strong. The anguish of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica can be speedily and permanently banished; Weak Nerves can be built up and made strong; Mind-Wandering can be cured, so can Involuntary Blushing. Lost Will-Power can be regained, and the whole human body can be rebuilt and revitalised by means of my marvellous Magneto Belt.

People who were crippled with pain, well-nigh crazy with depression, downhearted, ambitionless, weak-spirited, weak-willed and miserable have now been changed into strong, vigorous, courageous men and women; healthy and happy, restored to New Life, simply by wearing my MAGNETO BELT. I want every man or woman lacking in health, strength, and vitality to test my "New-Life" MAGNETO BELT, and test it at my expense.

From the moment when you put it on you begin to feel its Magnetic Power bracing you up, and your body absorbs naturally and freely the Magnetism which it contains. Think of the joy of being free from pain, of being strong and vigorous of being brimful of life, courage, and vitality! and then read the simple, straightforward, and honest offer I make to you in the coupon below. Don't stay weak and depressed. Write for a Belt to-day and begin to feel the marvellous powers building up your strength every hour that you wear it.

Three DIPLOMAS and three GOLD MEDALS have been conferred upon me for my Magnetic Appliances at the Internationale Exposition, Paris, 1911.



At the Exposition Internationale Barcelona, 1912.



And at the Exposition Internationale Rome, 1912.



DON'T STAY WEAK, miserable, lacking vigour, courage, and self-confidence. Wear Wonderful "Magneto Belt" now. Feel for yourself how it pours new life and strength into your system and every part of your body. Experience, the courage and self-confidence that comes with a body and brain strong and able in every way. Day and night it will pour magnetic vigour into every part of your body.

The price of my Belt is not £5 (although many have written to say that it is honestly worth double amount). The price is only 5/- . I want you to test the Belt first by actually wearing it, and so I say send me 1/- only and I will send you the Belt by return of post.

"NEW LIFE." **COUPON** POST TO-DAY.

To Mr. AMBROSE WILSON,
27 Vulcan House, 56 Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

Simply write your full name on a piece of paper, fill in your waist measurement, pin coupon to paper, and post it to me at once.

Please send me a "Magneto Belt" on approval. I enclose 1/-, and if I do not return Belt within seven days I will pay the balance of 4/- either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-.

Size of my Waist is inches.

NOTE.—Foreign and Colonial Orders must be accompanied by the full amount, and 1/- extra for postage.